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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

IN the attachment of subjects to their Sovereign, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish how much of the feeling is personal affection and how much is merely loyalty to the institution of which for the time being the particular Sovereign is the representative. The same consideration applies equally to all the members of a royal family. "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*" is a phrase which somewhat heartlessly reveals the impersonal elements which often constitute loyalty. In the English Royal Family there are several instances of individuals concerning whom there is little doubt as to the nature of their popularity. More especially is this the case with the Princess of Wales. She is at once the wife of the Heir Apparent and the most popular lady in the United Kingdom. Quite apart from all considerations which arise from her rank, and the position she may one day be called upon to fill, she has won the hearts of the English people. In the highest circles of society as well as in the lowest courts of the East End of London, one hears nothing but good words of the Princess of Wales. Wherever she goes she is certain of a reception the genuineness of which is unmistakable.

Ever since the 7th March, 1863, when she arrived off Gravesend as the bride-elect of the Prince of Wales, she has been steadily growing in popularity. "Come to us, love us, and make us your own," was the way in which Tennyson expressed the wishes of the nation for the "Sea King's daughter from over the sea." We liked her then for her beauty, her charm of manner, and for the graciousness with which she at once performed the new duties imposed upon her. And so well has she borne the weight of years and of family cares, that after twenty-seven years' residence among us, we are still admiring her, not only for her social accomplishments, but for that

very youth and beauty which fascinated us so many years ago. It is a common remark that she looks the elder sister rather than the mother of her children. Her youthful appearance is indeed the envy of all her immediate contemporaries. Yet she is in her forty-sixth year, and she has celebrated her silver wedding day.

Her father is Christian IX., King of Denmark, and she is sister to the present King of Greece and the Empress of Russia. As the Princess of Wales, she has had sometimes a very difficult and delicate part to play. Owing to the withdrawal of the Queen from the active leadership of society, it has fallen to the lot of the Princess to constantly fill her place. She has always done so with admirable tact and ability; and if it is true that her husband "is the hardest worked man in the country," it may with equal justice be said of her that no lady in any class of society works harder nor with so much charm of manner. The engagements of the Prince of Wales during the course of a single year tend to increase rather than diminish, and a considerable portion of the great popularity he enjoys is due to the heartiness with which he throws himself into the various enterprises at which he is called upon to assist. But he himself would be the first to acknowledge that some portion at least of the public favour which is often bestowed on him is due to the presence at his side on most of these occasions of the Princess of Wales.

As the leader of English society she is deservedly popular, but it is in her character of wife and mother that she has found a place in the hearts of so many people. Few people have a greater respect and reverence for the Court and its ancient ceremonialism than the English, yet at the same time they delight in any evidence of the fact that the members of the Royal Family are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

But perhaps, after all, the great secret of the popularity of the Princess is to be found in the possession of charms which, in her case, "age cannot wither." Like Esther in the old story, "she is fair and beautiful," and obtains favour in the sight of all them that look upon her.

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THE HON. SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

N advocate who knows how to deal with human nature and who has practised his powers largely and with signal success"—such is Serjeant Ballantyne's description of the leader for the Crown in the prosecution of the Tichborne claimant. "Than Mr. Hawkins," he proceeds, "there was none abler at that time at the Bar." High praise in itself, this expression of opinion becomes even more complimentary when taken with its context, for Mr. Ballantyne goes on to mention, amongst the counsel engaged in the two Tichborne trials, such men as Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Sir John Coleridge, Mr. James Hannen, and Mr. Henry Matthews. Signal though his success had been already, Sir Henry owes no small part of his great legal reputation to his masterly conduct of this prosecution.

Sir Henry Hawkins was born in 1816 at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, and was educated at Bedford School, where he developed a strong taste for athletics. He did not come to an early decision as to the profession he should adopt, and it was not until his twenty-sixth year that he was called to the Bar. His success was almost immediate, and before his thirtieth birthday, briefs came pouring in on him, "not singly, but in battalions."

It would be a profitless task to enumerate the great cases in which Sir Henry has taken part as counsel. The present generation knows little or nothing of the Roupell case, of Saurin *v.* Starr, or of Lord St. Leonards' will. Suffice it then to say that he was engaged in nearly all the *causes célèbres* of his time, was especially active in the matter of election petitions, acted for the Crown in the purchase of land for national defences, was employed by the Royal Commissioners in acquiring the site of the New Law Courts, and—an indication of his sporting tendencies—was standing counsel for the Jockey Club. "He was not only one of the greatest and most astute advocates of his own time in ordinary civil cases, but he had the largest practice also in compensation claims." So says Mr. Montagu Williams, who proceeds to give an amusing account of a compensation case in which Sir Henry had failed to give satisfaction to a client, in not

having obtained for him a sufficiently large sum for premises which he had to surrender to the Metropolitan Board of Works. The client went slightly off his head, and followed Sir Henry about for months after the trial, waited for him outside his chambers in the morning, sat with him in Court, and returned with him in the evening. As long as he confined himself to this there was no getting rid of him, and Sir Henry was given the comforting advice by Mr. Montagu Williams, whom he consulted on the subject, that he should only have to wait for a breach of the peace. To pass one's life in the hope of being the victim of a breach of the peace is not an enviable experience, and luckily this did not last long, for Sir Henry's tormentor lost all control over himself on one occasion soon after, and shouted out in the street, "I'll have your life! I'll have your life!" He was tried, and had to find sureties for good behaviour.

Sir Henry "took silk" in 1858, and became a bencher of the Middle Temple. He was very frequently associated with Mr. Edwin James, and on that gentleman's removal from the Bar, came in for a great part of his practice. In company with Mr. James, he once nearly fell a victim to his love of the water. They had been bathing in the river near Guildford, when, to their horror, on returning to where they had left their clothes, they found—a pair of boots, a hat, *et prætera nihil!* They of course put it down to the usual bad boy; but for once the bad boy was wronged, for, on looking round, they saw a bull disporting himself gaily with the rest of their garments, which he was scattering over an adjacent field. Here was a nice situation for two legal dignitaries! But this was not all. From merely inconvenient their position became distinctly dangerous. The bull had discovered them, and looked quite capable of adding injury to insult. At this moment, fortunately, Serjeant Robinson, who tells the story in his Reminiscences, was passing in a boat, in which they were overjoyed to find a refuge from their aggressor.

Sir Henry was appointed a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division in 1876, but was almost immediately transferred to the Exchequer Division. It was the fashion a few years ago to attribute to him an undue severity, but this has died out; he is, however, held in especial awe by the criminal classes.

Mr. Justice Hawkins has never courted popularity, and has never sought to bring himself before the public. To use a homely expression, "he keeps himself to himself." In 1867 he was a candidate for a seat in Parliament,

but being defeated, his political feelings were not strong enough to induce him to make a second attempt.

Sir Henry has all his life been much given to outdoor exercise, and is as young consequently at seventy-four as many another at sixty. He is an active member of the Jockey Club, and looks back with pardonable pride on an act of heroic self-denial in the course of the Tichborne trial. In the interests of justice he objected to the adjournment of the Court for Derby Day! He had his way, too, much to the dissatisfaction of the counsel in general, and probably, were his feelings to be severely analysed, of himself in particular.

Sir Henry has been twice married. He is a member of the Athenæum and several other clubs.

His solitary contribution to literature has been an Address to the Police, which he wrote in the form of a Preface to Mr. Howard Vincent's "Police Code."

Sir Henry Hawkins is, what his face says he is, a man of masculine character and strong will, frank, genial, and unobtrusive; and "where women, children, or animals are concerned," writes one who knows him well, "the

FATHER IGNATIUS.

"A RELIGIOUS enthusiast from his birth," is a description which may be applied, with scarcely a shade of exaggeration, to Joseph Leycester Lyne, deacon of the Church of England, better known to the world as Father Ignatius, Founder and Superior of the revived Order of Anglican Benedictine Monks whose home nestles among the Black Mountains of South Wales, directly above the Vale of Llanthony. Barely six years old when he first steps upon the canvas of human story, the picture we see is that of a delicate, spiritual-looking boy, hiding from his playfellows in some out-of-the-way nook in his father's home, poring with agonised features over a Bible, which he is marking and underlining with the feverish trepidation of one who felt, as he himself tells us, that "there was a God who would be justified in sending me to an everlasting hell to burn for ever." Nor did this intense anxiety about his soul desert him as he grew into boyhood, and we are confronted with the unique phenomenon of a nineteenth-century schoolboy who "never felt quite happy outside a church."

Yet there is nothing exceptionally romantic about his parentage. The son of a London merchant, he is descended on his father's side from the Cornish family of Lynes, on his mother's from the well-known Cheshire family of Leycesters. His first experience of school life was at St. Paul's, in the City, which, however, he was compelled to leave at the age of fourteen, on account of the delicacy of his health. Those who are fond of tracing the development of character will not consider altogether devoid of interest a little incident which took place shortly before his removal. The boy had for some years past manifested an extraordinary interest in the history of the Jews. One of the masters, when examining a locker in which the school books and slates were kept, discovered a book, on the margins of which little Joseph had drawn a number of pictures of robed High Priests, ephods, mitres, &c. This brought upon the boy the penalty of forty-two cuts on the hand with a cane. Being a stubborn lad, he resolved to bear his punishment without wincing, and before the full number of strokes

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FATHER IGNATIUS.

had been inflicted he dropped on the floor like a stone. A respite from lessons followed the boy's removal from school, and continued for a year.

Our "monk in embryo" then resumed his studies under the care of a private tutor, from whom he received a good classical education. His father refused to gratify his desire to go to college and take orders, considering that the lad's "popish leanings" rendered him unfit for any calling but that of a shop-boy! But the good genius of the boy's life, his mother, did what his father would not, and, through her influence with the Bishop of Moray and Ross, he was sent to Trinity College, Glenalmond. He there received a first-class theological education, took his degree, and was ordained in 1860. His first curacy was at St. Peter's, Plymouth, and it was at this time that he became acquainted with Miss Sellon, better known as the Lady Abbess Priscilla, and Dr. Pusey. It was this lady whose womanly instinct told her that nothing short of the entire self-dedication involved in the monastic life would satisfy the earnest young deacon, and at the age of twenty-four he received his first monastic habit from the hands of the leader of the Tractarian movement.

His first serious attempt to carry out what was now to be his life work was begun at Norwich, where, with one Brother, he took possession of an old ruin, formerly part of a convent of Black Friars. Their property consisted at first of one bed only, in which they slept in turns: "My big breviary was my pillow, till a friend sent me a better one, and a dear old dog I had used to lie at the foot to keep me warm," were Father Ignatius' words recently to a newspaper interviewer. But it was not many years before a great improvement was effected, and a beautiful church was soon erected on the spot. Ill-health, however, again prostrated the enthusiast, and on his recovery a lawsuit in which he was involved, to protect his monastic property, resulted in the loss of all, including every penny of his private fortune. But such men are not easily beaten, and it was not long before he renewed his struggle to found a monastery. He finally chose a site in South Wales, about four miles from the ancient ruins of the old Abbey of Llanthony, and, by the help of friends, buildings were commenced which have progressed steadily, if slowly, for the last twenty years. There is now a monastery, a convent, and a small chapel, the altar and reredos of which are said to be the finest in the United Kingdom.

It may safely be said that no good character sketch of the Abbot of Llanthony has yet been given to the world. If to be misunderstood is to

be great, Father Ignatius is unquestionably a great man. The most marked trait in his character is his intense earnestness. He claims the virtue of consistency, and it is certainly true that for over twenty-seven years he has been consumed by one overmastering passion, the restoration of the contemplative monastic life to the Church of England. He considers himself the subject of a Divine inspiration, and urges the religious bent of his mind almost from infancy in testimony. Impulse, rather than the slower workings of reason, directs his path in life; and in this respect, indeed, he but practises what he preaches. There is a magnetism in his presence which is felt in a greater or less degree by all with whom he is brought in contact. Simple as a child, few can take the measure of an acquaintance more accurately. Easily imposed upon, it is not always with his eyes shut. The tenderest of men, he can also be the sternest. Ignatius the man and Ignatius the monk are two distinct personalities. The struggle for mastery between the two is at times terrible. But in the long run the monk always wins. The nature of his religious creed is a standing puzzle to the outside world. It would be difficult to say whether he has more Ritualistic Anglicans or Protestant Dissenters of every shade (including Salvationists) among his mission congregations. Holding firmly the doctrines of conversion and election, he is a strong believer in the efficacy of sacraments as channels of Divine Grace. A Christian and a Churchman, he is a Christian first and a Churchman afterwards. Strongly opposed to disestablishment, no one is a stouter opponent of anything savouring of Erastianism. He longs for the day when all Churchmen shall be Christians and all Christians Churchmen. But in one respect at least, and very strikingly, has the child been proved the father of the man. The little "solitary" of six remains the "solitary" of fifty-three. Overshadowing Ignatius the Mission Preacher, Ignatius the Ecclesiastic, even Ignatius the Christian, there towers ever the stern lonely figure of Ignatius the Monk.

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SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C., M.P.

HOEVER should see Sir Charles Russell for the first time in the Law Courts, conducting some case in which all his sympathies have been enlisted—impetuous, hot-headed, now elated, now angered, always eloquent—would be tempted to say of him as Balzac said of O'Connell, "Here is the incarnation of an entire race."

This description, however admirable as applied to the great Liberator, would be found on closer acquaintance with Sir Charles in many respects incorrect, for mercurial temperament and Irish accent notwithstanding, the distinguished advocate cannot really be called a typical Celt, in the absence from his nature of many marked characteristics of his countrymen. Though possessing a keen sense of humour, for instance, Sir Charles is not witty; whilst appreciating enthusiasm in others he is himself far from being an enthusiast; and he is prone neither to inaccuracy nor to exaggeration. Eloquent, as has been said, his is not the impassioned, exuberant eloquence of a Davitt or an O'Brien; on the contrary he expresses himself fluently, indeed, but deliberately and in a manner weighty, forcible, and incisive.

Sir Charles Russell was born near Newry, in the County Down, in 1833, and it is with the keenest pleasure that he looks back now, over nearly half a century, on his boyish rambles over the Killowen Mountains and along the beautiful coasts of Carlingford Lough. About the time when he was commencing his studies at Castleknock School, near Dublin, his uncle, Dr. Russell, then President of Maynooth, was engaged in winning over to his Church the already famous Dr. Newman. It is interesting to note that Dr. Russell is described in the "Apologia" of his great proselyte, as "mild, gentle, and unobtrusive."

On leaving school, Sir Charles was articled to a solicitor in Dundalk. After a few years he proceeded to Belfast, and here, while practising as an attorney, found time to obtain his degree at Trinity College. About this time he married Miss Mulholland, whose sister, Miss Rosa Mulholland, is so well known in Ireland as the authoress of innumerable poems, essays, and

novelettes. Ambitious and self-reliant, the young lawyer was not long making up his mind about seeking a wider field for his talents. He set out for London, and after a period of hard work and anxiety, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and joined the Northern Circuit. His first year's briefs brought him in £200; his second, £400; his third, £800; since then, it may be said without exaggeration, his earnings have increased twentyfold!

It is to his powers of cross-examination, even more than to his profound legal knowledge and his ability as a speaker, that his great reputation is due. Pince-nez in hand, with one foot on the bench in front of him, having frequent recourse to his silver snuff-box and the inevitable bandanna, Sir Charles begins in his calmest and most gentle manner, but if he "comes in like a lamb" he "goes out like a lion," a mode of procedure not infrequently reversed on the part of his victim in the witness-box.

It was in Manchester and Liverpool that he achieved his earliest triumphs, the most remarkable case in which he was engaged being that of Saurin *v.* Starr. To make mention of the great cases in which he has been engaged would be to enumerate the *causes célèbres* of the last two decades. Of recent trials the most remarkable have been that of McDonnell, by whose hand Carey, the informer, met his death; the Colin-Campbell divorce case, his opening speech in which was a marvel of lucidity; and the Maybrick case.

It may be safely said, however, that all his former triumphs fade before the brilliancy of his greatest undertaking, the defence of the Irish Party against the *Times*' allegations. His six days' speech before the Special Commission has earned him the ungrudging admiration of all. It was, as Sir James Hannen concisely expressed it, "a great speech worthy of a great occasion." "My Lords, I have spoken not merely as an advocate; I have spoken for the land of my birth." Such were the words with which Sir Charles commenced his peroration, thus touching the keynote of his conduct of the entire case, his efforts in which, to quote the generous tribute of Mr. Gladstone, have "won him an immortal name."

Asked once by a newspaper interviewer to what he attributed his success, Sir Charles replied that he "did one thing at a time, and that he concentrated his whole attention on the matter in hand, be it reading briefs or eating oysters;" a favourite delicacy of his, by the way.

Sir Charles Russell's speech on the second reading of the Home Rule

Bill in 1886, may be said to have secured him a place in the first rank of Parliamentary debaters; though for years previously he had been always able to secure an attentive audience in the House. He entered Parliament in 1880 as member for Dundalk, and since 1885 has represented South Hackney. He was Attorney-General in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Government of 1886, and his friends have long believed, and have been fortified in their belief by a statement of Mr. John Morley, that he will live to be the first Catholic Lord Chancellor.

Though most energetic, and accomplishing an immense amount of work in the day, Sir Charles Russell is not an early riser; a fact which would tend to disprove the unwelcome doctrine of that nursery jingle which taught us to look upon early hours as indispensable for the acquirement of health, wealth, and wisdom.

The turf is his ruling passion, and thanks to the huge income which he earns at the Bar, he is fully able to gratify his taste in horse-flesh. He is also frequently to be seen at "first nights," and is a good whist player.

He has four sons—all of them on the high road to success; the eldest and youngest following in their father's footsteps at the Bar.

Like all hot-tempered men, Sir Charles Russell has enemies; like all men in whom heat of temper is compensated for by natural kindliness of heart, his enemies are infinitely outnumbered by his friends.

MADAME NORDICA.

AMERICA has won a large share of recognition as a musical nation because of the number of eminent artists she has sent to the Mother Country. Some of these are endowed with those personal qualifications, apart from their musical gifts, which commend the possessors most strongly to the love as well as to the admiration of the English people. The character of the artist should, of course, as a totally separate matter, form no portion of the estimate of appreciation. But English people love to know that they "in whom they delight" because of their gifts and accomplishments, may also command their respect on account of force or amiability of disposition, or other commendable traits of character. This is, in a large measure, the secret of the high esteem in which more than one American artist is held in this country, and few others can lay claim to a larger share of artistic and personal admiration than Madame Nordica.

Lilian Norton—the name Nordica is a *nom de théâtre*—was born at Maine, in the United States of America, where her family, claiming to be among the descendants of the early English settlers, had been established for many generations. While she was yet an infant her parents removed to Boston, the capital city of the distinguished band of colonists to which they belonged, and there the musical capabilities of the future *prima-donna* manifested themselves. In due course she entered the conservatoire there, and had the good fortune to be placed under John O'Niel, an excellent and conscientious teacher. He set his face against a system of training which would fit the pupil for an early exhibition of immature powers. He had the wisdom to check the anxieties of those who were in favour of inviting the public to share with them the pleasure they experienced in the sweet and simple vocal powers of the gifted child. The advantage of this course was proved subsequently in the brilliant success achieved in after time, when the vocal organs had undergone well-directed development.

The world has witnessed numerous examples of talent blighted by premature exhibition. There are few who overcome the demands upon their

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MADAME NORDICA.

strength and abilities unduly made in early days sufficiently to show a natural expansion as the years roll on. It is quite possible that Lilian Norton might have been an exceptional instance, but her friends yielded to the advice of her experienced teacher and postponed her public appearance until she had completed his course of voice-training and exercises.

During her early professional engagements, she visited London in conjunction with Gillmore's band. At the concerts given by the band at the Crystal Palace, the beauty of her voice, and the personal charm of the manner of the young vocalist, greatly helped in securing the attraction of the performances in which she took part. An experienced critic who heard her at the time advised her to enter upon a further course of study with a competent Italian master. This advice she acted upon, courageously abandoning the prospects held out in the career she was then pursuing. She commenced her studies with the famous vocal trainer, San Giovanni, in the winter of 1879, and after a short course of careful study, the renowned Italian *maestro* consented to her making a trial essay on the operatic stage at Brescia, as Violetta in Verdi's opera, *La Traviata*, an opera which she had later the privilege of studying with the composer. For her *début* at Brescia, her master had Italianised her name to Nordica, and the success achieved by her on that occasion justified her in retaining a title which has been identified with a continuously successful career. At Milan and at Genoa she found the public ready to give her hearty welcome for the beauty of her voice and the simplicity and natural charm of her vocalisation.

In 1881 she was engaged to sing in the Russian capital, and during two successive seasons she appeared there. The favourable reception accorded to her did not cause her to lessen her enthusiasm for her profession, nor her desire to extend her knowledge of the work in which she was engaged. She learnt no less than ten operas, and made her appearance in all successfully, keeping up her study of vocal *technique* with her Italian master during the whole period. She seemed to have reached the height of popularity when she appeared in Paris as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. Her reading was recognised as artistic by those who had expressed an opinion that no more perfect realisation of the part could be attained by any artist, however gifted, after Christine Nilsson. The individuality of her interpretation was compared favourably with that of the great artist whom she followed, and her engagement for seven months during the season of 1883 was a proof

of the favour she had won from the most exacting and often hypercritical audiences.

At the end of the season, to the great regret of her numerous admirers, she retired from the stage on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Gower, whose inventions in connection with the telephone have made his name universally known. Shortly after the marriage Mr. Gower went on an aëronautic expedition, from which he never returned, and the widest sympathy was felt and expressed for the young widow thus thrown upon her own resources. By the French law of testamentary disposition, in the absence of legal proof of death the widow was compelled to wait until seven years elapsed before she could enjoy the share of her husband's property to which she was entitled. This period has only recently been fulfilled, and Madame Nordica is—it is understood—at length in possession of a fortune other than that of her own making.

When all moral doubt of the sad fate of her husband was set at rest, Madame Nordica, with a courage which commanded admiration as well as sympathy, resumed her public career in 1887, when she made her first appearance on the operatic stage in London under the direction of Mr. Mapleson. The following year she was engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris, and she has continued in his Italian Opera Company each season. The beauty of her voice, the charm of her singing, the attraction of her personal appearance, and the nameless numberless qualities which have endeared her to the public, are only a few of the many graces which she possesses as a woman and as an artist. In the concert-room, as upon the stage, she has won a high position by the sweetness and freshness of her voice, and she possesses all the needful requirements to be as successful as an Oratorio Singer as she has been as an Operatic Artist.

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SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

THE history of the Press records few careers that can compare with that of Sir Algernon Borthwick, who, if not the *doyen* of his profession, stands forth as its undoubted head in the Legislature and in Society. Early in this century the parish of Borthwick, in Midlothian, produced a man of remarkable, though erratic, talent. Whether Peter Borthwick was connected by blood with the Lowland lairds of "that ilk," whose claim to nobility has recently been established, must remain a matter of doubt. Still less susceptible of proof is the descent of the Borthwicks from a Hungarian immigrant whom Fate mysteriously brought to Scotland in the Dark Ages. Whatever may have been his ancestry, Peter Borthwick, educated at Cambridge, and destined for the Episcopal Church, became interested in the Anti-Slavery controversy of 1832, and supported the cause of the slave owners with such eloquence that a seat was soon found for him in Parliament. With a short break he represented Evesham for more than ten years, and retrieved his character for humanity by introducing the "Borthwick Clause" into the Poor Law. Allying himself with Mr. Crompton, a paper-maker and proprietor of the *Morning Post*, he abandoned Parliament in 1847, and in 1850 became editor of the paper. Algernon, his eldest son, was then twenty years of age. He had been educated in Paris and at King's College, London, and already in his teens took an active part in the management of the valuable literary property which he was subsequently to own. In 1851 he represented the *Post* in Paris during the stirring incidents of the *Coup d'État*. From that period dated his close intimacy with Napoleon III., which led many shrewd people to infer that the fashionable Tory journal was the subsidised organ of Imperialism. In contradicting this error a few years ago, Sir Algernon incidentally revealed that as far back as 1852 the responsibility for the conduct of the paper rested mainly with himself; and that responsibility became almost absolute when his father having died in 1853, he found himself on the decease of Mr. Crompton and his nephew Mr. Rideout, virtually the sole proprietor. For several years the task of editing and managing a

London daily, which had become the mouthpiece of "the upper ten thousand," sufficed to absorb the energies even of so active a man as Algernon Borthwick. He contrived, however, to find time for cultivating valuable friendships, and for keeping up close intercourse with the leaders, not merely of party, but of fashion. At the Carlton, the Garrick, and the St. James's Clubs his genial presence and lively conversation were always welcome. The abolition of the paper duty in 1861 reduced the price of the *Morning Post* to threepence, a change believed to have been fraught with financial loss. It was some years before Mr. Algernon Borthwick, convinced by the stern logic of facts, came down to the level of one penny, and by so doing laid the foundation of his present prosperity. In 1864, seeking a new outlet for information unsuited to the gravity of a daily sheet, he started *The Owl*, a weekly publication that for six years maintained a brilliant but not a profitable, existence. He married in 1870 Miss Alice Beatrice Lister, connected on her father's side with the family of which Lord Ribblesdale is the head, and the daughter of that accomplished lady whose first husband was Sir George Cornewall Lewis. This union allied him with two influential houses, his wife being the niece both of Earl Russell and the Earl of Clarendon. Henceforth his social position grew stronger day by day, and his attachment to the Conservative Party brought him substantial rewards. In 1880 he failed to win the suffrages of his father's constituents at Evesham, but was consoled by knighthood. In 1885 and 1886 he was more successful in South Kensington, whilst the Jubilee Year saw him at the head of the newly-created baronets. A party man *par excellence*, Sir Algernon enjoys the respect and confidence of his brethren of the Press, no matter what their opinions may be, because he invariably upholds the dignity of their profession. Within the last few years his zealous services have been bestowed on the establishment of the Institute of Journalists, and the most grim of Radicals honestly cheered him at the Mansion House when he advocated unity and common action amongst the members of the Fourth Estate. Though he has now passed the grand climacteric, his vigorous rule is still felt in Wellington Street, and his hospitality is exercised towards princes, noblemen, and commoners, at his fine mansion in Piccadilly, once the abode of Byron, in his pleasant *rus in urbe* at Hampstead, or in the splendid domain, of which he is now the tenant, at Invercauld.

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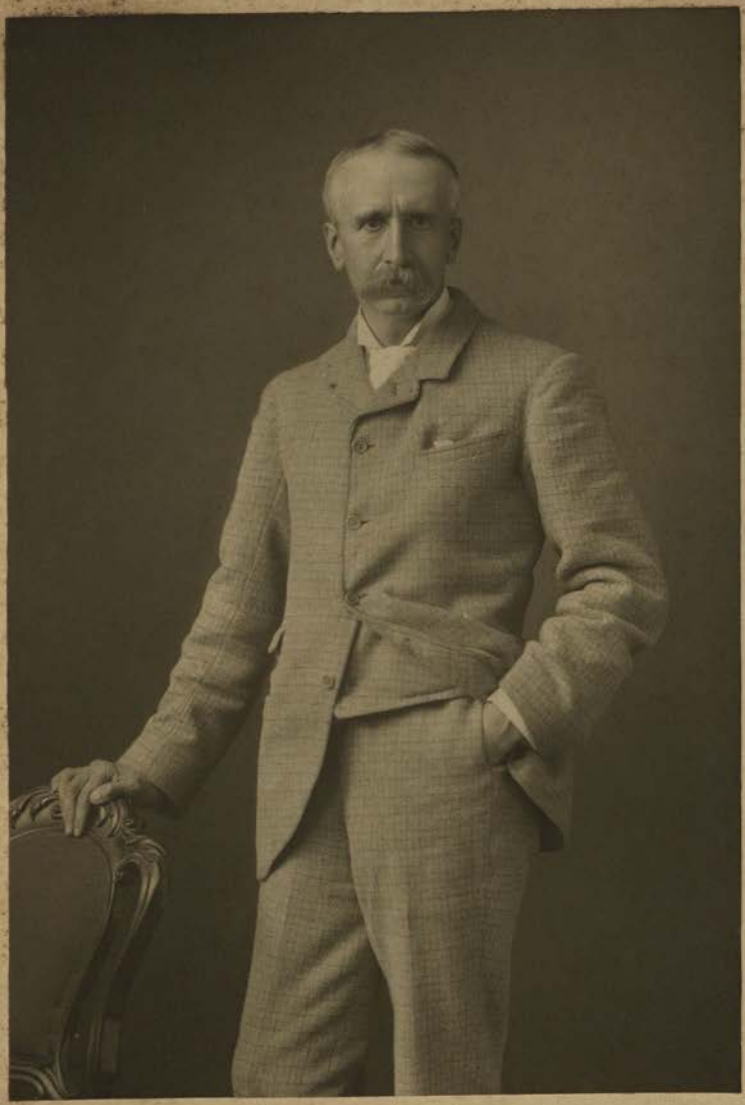
PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

H. R. H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

ONE hears now and then a whispered suggestion that the daughters of our Queen are, in feelings and habits, more German than English. If there be any truth in this insinuation, it is owing to the fact that four princesses, each in her own way, realise with marked effect that Teutonic conception which is expressed in the words "die ewige Weiblichkeit." Womanliness in England has been rather at a discount during the last generation, and no little gratitude is due to these royal ladies for showing in their own lives how intellect, culture, and even physical activity may be combined with feminine gentleness and a full recognition of family and household duties. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, the fifth child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born in 1846—a year of sore anxiety for those on whom devolve the cares of government.

The young Princess spent her early days in that systematic training which her royal parents prescribed for all their children; and it is not till 1858 that we hear of "Lenchen" playing a part in those excursions and innocent festivities that lent a charm to life in the Highlands. As her elder sisters found homes of their own, she was naturally drawn closer to her mother. In the year 1861, that was destined to cast so deep a shadow over the royal household, Princess Helena joined in the memorable trip to Killarney, and in that last "great expedition" over Cairn Lochaw, to which the Queen refers so touchingly in her own memorial of "days that are no more." When her father succumbed to fever in the following winter, she was one of the most devoted attendants by his bedside, and for five years she shared the painful seclusion of the heart-broken Queen. Before the close of 1865 it became generally known that a suitor had sought her hand, and the first paragraph of the Queen's Speech to Parliament in 1866 ran thus:—"I have recently declared my consent to a marriage between my daughter Princess Helena and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderbourg-Augustenburg. I trust this union may be prosperous and happy." A little later Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced the subject

to the House of Commons in words that will bear repetition :—"She was the eldest unmarried princess of the Royal Family when the most crushing calamity that could befall humanity descended upon Her Majesty ; and during that trial all the prominent qualities of the Princess's character—her strength, her wisdom, her tenderness—were put to the test. Her Royal Highness was then, and has been since, the stay and solace of her illustrious mother." By the unanimous vote of Parliament a dower of £30,000 was granted to her, with an income of £6,000 per annum for life. Prince Christian, a scion of the elder branch of the House of Oldenburg, was shortly afterwards honoured with the Garter, made a General in the British army, and appointed High Steward of Windsor. The marriage was celebrated at Windsor Castle on July 5th with considerable pomp, the King and Queen of the Belgians being present on the occasion. Though public opinion was not wholly in favour of the alliance, subsequent events have amply justified the royal mother's choice. Prince and Princess Christian have enjoyed for nearly a quarter of a century a life of unbroken happiness in their pleasant home between the Long Walk and Virginia Water. They have brought up their five children—three sons and two daughters—in healthful English fashion, with as little regard to formality and Court etiquette as is consistent with their position. The eldest boy, after passing through Sandhurst, and serving with popularity in the Royal Rifles, has just been transferred to a Cavalry regiment; the second is doing duty in the German army. Princess Christian has long been known as an active supporter of many useful charities and public movements. The Royal School of Art Needlework under her presidency has opened up a new field for women's industry. She is an authority on nursing and domestic sanitation, and exercises a more than nominal headship over the British Nurses' Association and the Princess Helena College. On the death of her beloved sister, Princess Alice, she edited her correspondence with ability and sympathy. In the discharge of her multifarious duties she has not spared her own health, with the result that an affection of the eyes compelled her recently to spend some months under the treatment of a German specialist. To the joy of all who know her worth, Princess Christian has derived much benefit from her stay at Wiesbaden, and has returned with new vigour to the benevolent and valuable tasks with which her name is honourably associated.



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MR. BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.

MR. BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A.

A FAMILY which can boast of four generations of painters is not common in our modern world. Mr. Briton Rivière's grandfather and his father were both students of the Royal Academy and painters by profession; his own status we all know; and now his eldest son is a student, too, in that English institution which, more than most, deserves the name of Royal. His uncle, moreover, was the late well-known member of the "Old Society," Mr. H. P. Rivière. Mr. Briton Rivière himself was born in 1840. During his early youth he lived with his father at Cheltenham and Oxford. Mr. Rivière senior had started studios in the university town, in which he did something to prepare the ground for that acceptance of art as a branch of liberal education which is now more or less of a fact.

Very early the boy became a painter. Before he was twelve he had exhibited at the British Gallery, and had given signs of that insight into what we may call the minor establishment of the world which has since made him famous. In his dining-room hangs a little picture of a kitten worrying a bird, which was painted at the age of eleven. It is full of life and knowledge, and in work is not unlike those "Twa Dogs," at South Kensington, which declare the precocity of Landseer. Mr. Rivière received his lay education at Cheltenham and at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford.

Three years after taking his degree he embarked on the sea of art in London. Long before that, however, he had painted serious pictures, and had sold them. These works of his adolescence were carried out on the strictest pre-Raphaelite lines. One, a "Death of Marmion," was bought by Mr. Goldwin Smith, then, and now, an intimate friend, who gave the picture to an institution in the New World. Another became the property of Mr. Wyatt, of Oxford, brother to the well-known publisher and printseller.

It was not until he was twenty-three that Rivière returned to the subjects of his boyhood—to animals, domestic and otherwise. By that time he had taken a studio in the orthodox neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square, and had

made friends with those young Scotchmen who were to have such influence upon his work. Orchardson and Pettie especially were his friends, and cast the net of their colour about him. He abandoned the tight, painful methods he had picked up from the "Woodman's Daughter," the "Return of the Dove," and others among the early works of Millais, for the expressive tint-weaving of the Scottish school. To the Millais of later years Mr. Rivière owes much. With his unvarying kindness, the elder painter interested himself in his junior's work, and allowed him to see his own in progress. The first picture with which Rivière made a hit was "The Long Sleep," exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in its palmy days, in 1868. A year afterwards he sent "Charity"—the little feminine street arab sharing her crust with a pair of dogs—to Burlington House; and then, in 1871, he scored a decisive success with "Circe," the Homeric witch and her drove of enchanted lovers. Since that time Mr. Rivière's triumphs have been numerous. The "Magician's Doorway," "The King drinks," "Una," "The Possessed Swine," "The King and his Satellites," "Væ Victis," "Adonis," and, above all, the "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which was no less successful at Paris in 1878 than it had been at Burlington House.

To this "Daniel" Mr. Rivière has painted a sequel, which would have gone to the last Academy had its author not been one of the "hangmen." It shows us the next morning. Daniel stands with his back to the disappointed beasts, and looks up to the high grated aperture, through which we can almost hear the king calling, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Most painters follow some kind of principle in their choice of a subject; and this is more than ever the case with those who are in any way specialists. Mr. Rivière's rule, or rather predilection, is to paint the relations between men and animals.

Very few of his pictures deal with animal life alone, and even the few that do—such as "The King and his Satellites"—take it on a side and at a moment when its echo of humanity is strongest. And yet, unlike Landseer, he never denaturalises brutes. He never makes them caricatures of men and women, or sets them among surroundings which turn Nature into a fairy tale. The greatest licence he allows himself is to combine the characteristics of more than a single model. Like Zeuxis, he selects points from several, and so contrives to realise the ideal with which he sets out

The collie in "Playfellows" was painted from four different specimens of the race, and so was the terrier in "Sympathy."

Mr. Briton Rivière became an A.R.A. in 1878, and a full Academician in 1881. He lives in a delightful house on those northern slopes whence one can look down so complacently on the smoky pall of London; and he treats his art rather as a pleasure than as a toil.

MR. WILSON BARRETT.

EW living men have had a wider experience of the triumphs and disasters of the stage than Wilson Barrett. He was designed by his parents for another than a dramatic career, and yet he was little more than a boy when he first went to Halifax to play "utility" parts at eighteen shillings a week. His rise in his profession was rapid, though an early experiment in management proved a miserable failure. For some years he worked industriously in the provinces, and although he cannot be said to have distinguished himself, he played a large number of parts with taste and intelligence. His first appearance in London was as Tom Robertson in *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, and with his wife, whom he had married in Scotland, he was seen in *East Lynne* and *Jane Shore*. But *rôles* such as these did not satisfy his ambition, and he was all the while waiting for his opportunity, which did not arrive until he became manager of the Princess's Theatre.

On the first night of his performance of *Hamlet* he told his audience a moving story of a poor boy who, "twenty-five years ago," had paid a shilling (or sixpence) to see Charles Kean enact the part of the Prince of Denmark. The story was not received with universal respect, but it had an interest, for it showed that Wilson Barrett had from the first determined to tread in the footsteps of Kemble, Kean, and the rest, and play Shakespeare. His Hamlet was not a great performance. It was extravagantly mounted, supplied with half-a-dozen new readings, and much new "business," but Mr. Barrett's imagination was unequal to the task. His intelligence was incontestable, his pose was frequently picturesque, but there was a hesitancy and lack of grip in his presentation which prevented it from convincing his audience. And from his failure in *Hamlet* we get the best measure of his ability. By temperament and training he is better fitted for melodrama than for tragedy. As Wilfrid Denver in *The Silver King*, or as Claudian, he was able to melt the popular heart, and arouse the popular enthusiasm. In each of these parts there is a touch of sentimentality which none can portray better than he; and though neither the one nor the other is a

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MR. WILSON BARRETT.

great play, they both afford an actor of Mr. Barrett's talent an opportunity of capturing the sympathy of his audience, and holding it to the fall of the curtain. When a second time he essayed a more serious part in Lord Lytton's *Junius,* his enterprise was unrewarded by success. The most lavish mounting, and the most careful preparation, could not vivify so dull and frigid a drama as *Junius* proved itself to be, and Mr. Barrett did wisely to return to sensationalism, and to attempt to tickle the palate of his audience with the pseudo-classicism of *Clito.*

He is a painstaking rather than an inspired actor. When he interprets *Hamlet,* you do not read Shakespeare "by flashes of lightning," but by the steady, dull flame of a single gas-jet. If genius were really nothing else than an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Mr. Barrett might claim to have a spark of the sacred fire. But the old definition is sadly at fault, and Mr. Barrett has not yet earned a place by the side of David Garrick and Edmund Kean. He is not of commanding stature (nor was the great Kean), but he has the head and features of an actor, and his physique has stood him in good stead. He has never stooped to get his effects by those eccentricities of gait and speech which have ever won the applause of the British populace. On the contrary, he reads his parts with straightforward directness, and his method is undistinguished rather than elaborate or mannered. He has of late followed the example of other actor-managers, and always cast himself for the *jeune premier;* but his best performance is still Mercutio, whom years ago he portrayed with admirable tact and feeling at the Court Theatre. He has been unfortunate in his plays. A man of genius could get nothing but the cheers of the pit and gallery out of *The Lights o' London,* or *Romany Rye.* What is *The Silver King* but a common melodrama? and who in the world would dream of regarding a still more recent production, in which Mr. Barrett performed the part of a virtuous convict, as a serious contribution to dramatic literature? But if his artistic success is not indisputable, there can be little doubt that Mr. Barrett is a popular actor. He was beloved at the Princess's; and if we may believe the newspapers, his tour in America was a march of triumph. And there are few lovers of melodrama who will not welcome his return to management with enthusiasm.

For as a manager his success has been unequivocal. For many years his theatre at Leeds was said to be the best administered in the country, and what he achieved at the Court is within the memory of all. Here he

was always the manager rather than the actor, and displayed a restraint which is as laudable as it is rare in considering his *ensemble* first and himself afterwards. Nor was he in those days afraid of novelty, and he it was that introduced Madame Modjeska to the public. Though he is not a slave to stage decoration, he has generally mounted his plays with taste and discretion. He has now and then, it must be admitted, yielded to the prevailing craze for heavy sets, but his rule has been to respect the limitations of his art. His earthquake in *Claudian* was a trifle too heavy and realistic, and there was more than a suspicion of hidebound archæology in the mounting of his *Hamlet.* Of course we know vastly more than Shakespeare did; it is indeed more than probable that the bard was pitifully ignorant of Denmark and its architecture. Therefore it seems like vaunting our superiority to be scrupulously accurate in those very points for which Shakespeare had a wise contempt; and it was impossible not to feel that the local colour of the Oxford Street Hamlet, in spite of the scholarly accuracy of its details, was false to Shakespeare and the spirit of the play. But Mr. Barrett's mistakes in this branch of his art have been few; and if he is not a great actor, he is at least one of the most capable of our managers

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THE REV. DR. ABBOTT.

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ENGLAND'S greatest schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold, once said that "the qualifications essential to the due performance of a master's duty might be expressed as the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman." Perhaps it was because he possessed these qualifications in no ordinary degree that Dr. Abbott, the subject of this present sketch, achieved such remarkable success in the profession he had chosen, and won for himself a name worthy of mention with that of his great predecessor.

Born in 1838, Edwin Abbott Abbott went to Cambridge very young, and there made for himself a brilliant record, being Senior Classic in 1861, winning the Chancellor's Classical Medal in the same year, and finally being elected a Fellow of his college; all these distinctions being gained at the age of twenty-three.

From Cambridge he at once entered that sphere of life in which he was so greatly to distinguish himself, by taking the post of assistant master at King Edward's School, Birmingham, which position he held for three years. It was in 1865, however, when but 27 years old, that he was elected to the head mastership of the City of London School, then in Milk Street, Cheapside, where he himself had received his education.

The work of a schoolmaster has perhaps less than all other professions of palpable result to show for years of hard work. But the influence is none the less lasting; the different qualities, moreover, needed in an ideal head master are such as are very rarely found in one man.

In a large public school, such as the City of London School, it is practically impossible that the personal influence of one man should be felt by every boy in the school; but it may safely be said that there could have been few men whose influence was so far-reaching, and the boy must indeed have been difficult to touch who was never impressed by any of the little addresses sometimes delivered by "the Doctor." And yet, impressive and even severe as Dr. Abbott might seem to the younger boys of the school, to those who knew him least he appeared always perfectly just and impartial, while to those who came under his own personal supervision he was always

more than a master—he was a friend. The kindly humour, the friendly interest, the impression he left on a boy that he was not regarded simply as one item out of seven hundred items, his wonderful personal charm, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and still forms a delightful recollection to many who have ceased to have any actual intercourse with him. Who that was in his Sixth Form could ever forget the delightful readings of "In Memoriam," or of Bacon's Essays, or the careful investigations into the mysteries of Thucydides; who of all the youthful and, it must be confessed, somewhat reluctant devotees of Latin Elegiacs or Greek Iambics, has not experienced the pleased expression and helpful word for the painstaking student, or, perhaps more frequently, the surprised look of dismay, or the amused smile when a rather unwonted "poetical licence" was taken? The interest which he displayed, too, not only in the intellectual but the physical welfare of the boys, was very remarkable, and the great improvement effected during his term of office in the space allowed for recreation was due in no small degree to his enthusiastic championship of the cause.

The duties of a head master of so large a school might well have been supposed to have been all-engrossing. But notwithstanding the fact of his fulfilment of all these duties, Dr. Abbott has found time to win for himself no mean place in literature. And herein lies what is perhaps his most marked characteristic—namely, his untiring energy and his seemingly endless capacity for all sorts of work. Where another would have sought his well-earned rest in idleness or some trifling amusement, Dr. Abbott could find relaxation in change of occupation, the work accomplished in a day's "leisure" being sometimes as much as any average man's ordinary work. Besides his "Shakespearian Grammar," his edition of "Bacon's Essays," his "English Grammar," Dr. Abbott has written, in conjunction with Professor Seeley, such works as "English Lessons for English People," "How to Write Clearly," "How to Parse," &c. &c., while his "Via Latina" is considered to be one of the best Latin text-books in existence.

But apart from his teaching work and his educational books, Dr. Abbott has made yet another impression upon the world by his writings on religious subjects. He is well known to be the author of two very remarkable books, which partake of the nature of romances, and yet have a very evident religious bearing—one, "Philochristus: Memoirs of a Disciple of our Lord," and the other, "Onesimus: Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul." From these and "The Kernel and the Husk" may be gathered pretty clearly Dr. Abbott's position:

he takes up that adopted by Canon Fremantle and others—namely, that although they may not altogether agree with everything laid down by the Church, yet since they are with her in spirit, they feel that they can do more good by remaining within the fold than by withdrawing and taking up an isolated position, where their influence would not be so great. This standpoint is, of course, vigorously assailed by the extremists on both sides, but they have always found in Dr. Abbott an opponent who, while maintaining his ground with the utmost firmness, is nevertheless invariably courteous. Dr. Abbott, though a Doctor of Divinity, holds no living, but may occasionally be heard in some of the London pulpits. He has been University preacher at both Universities, and in 1876 was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge.

His reputation, however, was made as a schoolmaster, and as a schoolmaster he will go down to posterity. In 1889 he resigned the head mastership, which he had held for 25 years. The last year of his office was marked by a series of brilliant successes at the Universities surpassing anything that the School had previously attained, and the high standard to which the School had been raised under his guidance was sincerely felt and acknowledged by his successor. Although he has resigned the chief work of his life, we may be sure that Dr. Abbott is not idle; for it may be said of him, as well as of that other great master—

> "Languor is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not on your brow."

Surely the work of a schoolmaster—the work of sending out into the world "worker after worker to labour in the vineyard of truth"—is an occupation most responsible and yet most ennobling; and it is his recognition of this fact that has made Dr. Abbott, as his friend Professor Seeley has said, "the greatest head master of recent times."

MISS ADA REHAN.

THE lady to whom we are indebted for the most enchanting presentment of Rosalind which the present generation of theatre-goers has seen is claimed by our American cousins as one of themselves, and, we fear, with only too much justice; for it is from them that she received her training. Yet nature counts for something as well as nurture; and it is some assuagement of our envy to remember that she was born on this side of the Atlantic, though on the other side of St. George's Channel. She is a native of the city of Limerick, and has many memories—let us hope of a more agreeable character than those of most emigrants from the distressful isle—of the land whose mercurial genius she exemplifies and adorns; for it was not until her seventh year—that is, in 1866—that she was taken to the States. She made her first appearance on the boards at the age of sixteen. It was the consequence of what is called accident; but to Miss Rehan it must sometimes have appeared in another light, and she may have felt more than many the force of the Prince of Denmark's recognition of the Power that shapes our ends. At any rate, the result of the incident was that she "found herself," and, after a few brief months of preparation, her services were engaged for the company formed by Mrs. John Drew, mother of the gentleman whose vigorous Orlando—so refreshing after the feeble renderings of the part sometimes seen in London—would be almost worthy of Miss Rehan's Rosalind if it were only a little less uncompromising. She at once made her mark, and before long enjoyed the satisfaction of taking important parts with Edwin Booth and other lights of the American stage. Within two years of her entering the profession she went to New York, was seen, and conquered.

Miss Rehan has paid several visits to this country; and, though her talents have all along been recognised in no grudging spirit, it was not until 1890 that the English public came to feel that a bright particular star had arisen in the theatrical firmament. For fire and vivacity, her Katherine was felt to be one of the finest pieces of acting of these times. But when Katherine had become Rosalind, the admiration grew into rapture. Those who go to the theatre to be pleased, and those who go to criticise, were

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alike taken by storm. The only critique which was not a panegyric appeared anonymously, but is known to be from the graceful pen of a lady who is herself a great actress, but has long retired from the professional stage. The tone of the *Blackwood* article was unexceptionable. There was no attempt to deny Miss Rehan's brilliant talents, and her Katherine was admitted to be on the whole an admirable performance; but her conception of Rosalind was challenged from beginning to end. It was "saucy" and "kittenish," it was "forward," it wholly lacked the reserve to be looked for from a high-bred princess, and so forth. The criticism is entitled to respect, for the critic has not merely given us charming impersonations of Shakespeare's female characters, including this of Rosalind, but has also with uncommon skill analysed them, and is, perhaps, the first living authority on the subject. Yet, in the main, neither the critics nor the public at large need, we venture to think, repent in cold blood of their ecstasies. Here and there, it may be, there was just a trifle too much colour. We are not sure that even so much as this should be conceded; it is a matter of taste, of which no one need claim to have a monopoly. But whether or not Miss Rehan's general reading of the part is the correct one is a matter not of taste but of opinion, and if this were the place to appeal to the law and the testimony, many solid reasons could be given in support of her conception. Her critic feels it necessary to warn English actresses against her innovations: we venture, on the other hand, to think that by these innovations she has rendered the English stage a signal service, and created a tradition which will be a living force when she and her courteous assailant alike have become nothing more than names —honoured names though they must always be.

Miss Rehan must have a short memory for facts, however good it may be for words, if she needs to be assured of a right royal welcome as often as she visits these shores. We should not be sorry, however, if she came in different company. Mr. Augustin Daly's band contains several clever actors, and at least one charming actress in addition to her; and its members—the greatest not less than the least—play up to each other in a fashion which may be commended to English companies *passim;* but with a few notable exceptions, its *répertoire* is made up of pieces which are not so much light as flimsy. Genius such as hers should be tasked worthily: to think of its being spent upon such productions as *The Great Unknown* is to be again reminded of what Hamlet has to say of our relation to Providence.

MR. BRET HARTE.

THERE are few men of letters who have had better fortune than Mr. Bret Harte. Born in 1839, he was only seventeen when he made his way into California. He arrived at the diggings when the spirit of savagery and romance was over all. No man with an itch to write ever had better material ready to his hand. It was all new, too; new as experience, newer still as literature. The strange medley of brutality and kindness, of greed and self-sacrifice, the sturdy contempt of human life, whether your own or another's, were rich in suggestion to those who were sensitive to impression. Life as lived by the "forty niners" was barbarous indeed; the emotions and passions which it evoked were healthy and primitive. The background of lonely "flat," alkali desert, and precipitous cañon, was always picturesque. The settlers themselves were but buccaneers in a new guise, eager to stand by a friend or shoot a foe at sight. Their code of morals was as fresh as their experience. They did not scruple to cheat at euchre, if William Nye, whose sleeve was "stuffed full of aces and bowers," be taken as a fair example, or to swindle the poor "Injin." But, on the other hand, they never shirked danger, and were prepared to risk life or limb for a "pal" or a woman. Such were the men and such the scenes that Mr. Bret Harte came amongst, and he used his opportunity to the very best advantage. His observation was keen and sure, and he had the rare faculty of always seizing upon the poetic and dramatic aspect of things. From his youth he possessed the inestimable gift of ready expression. At the age of seventeen ("Dow's Flat" was written in 1856) he had the command of a vigorous narrative style in verse. His energy was untiring; and though there was little demand for literature among the miners, he continued to study the life and character around him, and gradually evolved a style of writing English as strong as it was original. None suffered more keenly than he from reverses of fortune. He plied many a trade, and embarked on many a hazardous enterprise. In the career of romance and adventure he has described so well, his own part was no small one. He has kept school, "professed" English literature at the

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MR. BRET HARTE.

"University of California," and has served successively as messenger, printer, and editor. In 1868 he was appointed editor of *The Overland Monthly*, and in the columns of that journal many of his stories appeared. They have since been collected in countless shapes and forms, and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Mliss," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and a hundred others are known wherever the English tongue is spoken.

As a writer, Mr. Bret Harte is singularly unequal. While some of his short stories are masterpieces in miniature, as good as anything of their kind in the language, many are little better than every-day journalism. But the conditions of their production accounts for the shortcomings which mar some of them. By Dickens he is profoundly influenced, and, in spite of the model's personal style, the influence has been entirely wholesome. Indeed, Mr. Bret Harte enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few authors who have followed Dickens' example without encountering disaster. Yet he is no slavish imitator, and his work is always marked by his own robust individuality. There is none of his generation that can develop a situation with greater rapidity or a finer picturesqueness than he. In half a dozen lines he can touch in a landscape, and set his characters in their true relation. He has a strange appreciation of the sounds and scents of the open air, and for him the sense of smell gives rise to poignant emotions. He is no less skilled than the author of "Our Mutual Friend" in creating an atmosphere. His characters are not puppets dancing in a vacuum, but men and women placed in the only environment which could belong to them. In parody, too, Mr. Bret Harte has a genuine gift, and his "Condensed Novels" are admirable of their kind. Such of his verses as deal with the life of the diggings are no less fresh and original in manner than in matter, and the popularity which they have won is richly deserved. "Plain Language from Truthful James," or, as it is commonly known, "The Heathen Chinee," enjoys the distinction of being more often quoted than any similar work in English literature. But the public judgment is not a safe guide, and when so poor a specimen of fun as "The Society upon the Stanislaus," with its antique jibe concerning "the lost mule" and "Jones's family vault" is quoted with enthusiasm, a monstrous injustice is done the author.

Mr. Bret Harte indeed has achieved a rare triumph. He discovered a wealth of subjects which none before him had ever handled, and he treated them (for the most part) in so masterly a fashion that we cannot be too thankful that it was his lot to be the pioneer.

It is a commonplace of criticism, the fairness of which is now being resolutely challenged, that English literature, rich as it is in masterpieces of fiction, is lamentably poor in short stories. This cause of reproach is being speedily removed; but when Mr. Bret Harte began to write there were few who attempted to express themselves in less than six hundred pages. It is his peculiar glory that he cultivated with success a difficult form of art, and by his example made the way plain for his successors. But, skilful as he has proved himself in the management of what the French call the *conte* (it is not a little significant that we have no name for it in English), he is unequal to a sustained effort. He has written much both in prose and verse which will (and deserves to) live, but it is safe to prophesy that his longer novels, as they have found few readers in the present generation, will in the next be forgotten speedily and without regret.

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SIR ROBERT BALL.

SIR ROBERT BALL.

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL was born on July 1st, 1840. He was the son of Robert Ball, LL.D., a highly respected citizen of Dublin, who was well known for his attainments in Natural History, and was for many years Director of the Museum of Trinity College, and a member of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy.

He received his early education, from 1851 to 1857, at Chester and Leamington, being a pupil of Dr. Brindley at both these places. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1857, and in 1861, after a distinguished undergraduate course, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, obtaining at the final examination two Senior Moderatorships (with gold medals), one in Mathematics, the other in Experimental and Natural Science, and being elected to the Mathematical Studentship of the year.

In 1865 he became the late Lord Rosse's astronomer at Parsonstown. In 1867 he was appointed to the Professorship of Applied Mathematics and Mechanism in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, an institution founded for the purpose of giving instruction in such branches of science as are applicable to the industrial arts. His first work, "Experimental Mechanics," published in 1870, contained the substance of a special course of evening lectures delivered in that College for the benefit of artisans and others who were unable to attend the ordinary classes.

In 1872 he took the degree of LL.D., and in 1873 became a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1874 he was elected Andrews' Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland. In 1876 he published his "Theory of Screws," the greater part of which had previously appeared in papers read before the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Society. This work attracted much attention by its originality and the mathematical powers exhibited in it. It has been translated into German, and already a considerable literature has grown up relating to the subject. The author gave an account of the theory, under the title of "A Dynamical Parable," to the British Association at Manchester, which has been translated into Italian and Hungarian. It was principally for this

work that he received the Cunningham Gold Medal of the Royal Irish Academy, which was awarded to him in 1879.

In 1884 appeared the "Story of the Heavens," an elaborate treatise on astronomy, giving an exposition of the most recent developments of the science. This has become an eminently popular book, and is already in a third edition. In 1886 the author received the honour of knighthood at the hands of his Excellency the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The object to which Sir Robert Ball has principally directed his observations as Astronomer Royal is the investigation of Annual Parallax. The most important work he has carried out is, perhaps, a scrutiny of a selected list of six hundred stars to search for the nearest neighbours of the sun. An important addition to the resources of Dunsink Observatory, over which Sir Robert presides, was made by the gift of a photographic telescope by Mr. Isaac Roberts.

Attention was first attracted to his abilities as a public lecturer by an address delivered at the opening of the Midland Institute in Birmingham, and entitled "A Glimpse through the Corridors of Time." He has since become well known by his lectures on astronomy in various parts of the United Kingdom. He usually devotes to them the month of November and a part of January. Large audiences attend on these occasions; as many as four thousand were present at a recent lecture in the Birmingham Town Hall. He has for many years lectured, chiefly to artisans, under the auspices of the Gilchrist Trust; and this is a work in which he is understood to take special pleasure.

A little work, "Star-land," published in 1889, contains the substance of a course of lectures delivered two years before to young people at the Royal Institution. It explains with singular lucidity many facts and principles which it might have beforehand seemed impossible to make clear to a juvenile audience. It will be found most instructive and interesting, not only to boys and girls, but to adults who are unfamiliar with astronomy and desire to understand the fundamental truths of that science.

Sir Robert Ball has an hereditary taste for Natural History, and is now President of the Zoological Society of Ireland. He has also in the present year presided over the Vesey Club, a scientific and social institution composed chiefly of Birmingham people, and enjoyed, in company with other members of the body (including the well-known geologists Messrs. Crosskey

and Lapworth), a trip to Norway, one fruit of which has been a little book, which he has in the press, on the vexed question of the "Cause of an Ice Age." Having been appointed, in 1884, Scientific Adviser to the Commissioners of Irish Lighthouses, he in most years spends ten days or a fortnight in summer in cruising round the coast with them on their tour of inspection.

He has taken advantage of his visits to England to keep himself *en rapport* with most of his eminent scientific contemporaries. He is acquainted with almost all the leading men of science in the kingdom, and with many of them is on terms of friendly intimacy. His genial temper and frankness of character, and—it may be added—the vein of kindly humour with which he is endowed, have made him a general favourite.

In addition to the other offices mentioned above, he is a member of the Council of the Astronomical Society, a Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, a member of the Council of Trinity College, Dublin, one of the Trustees of the National Library of Ireland, an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and an Honorary Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.

He married, in 1868, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the late W. E. Steele, Esq., M.D., Director of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin. He resides at the Observatory, a few miles from Dublin, and there from time to time he hospitably receives a circle of friends belonging to the cultivated classes of the Irish capital.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

N October 2, 1875, Lady Theresa Susey Helen Chetwynd-Talbot, eldest daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, was married to Charles Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, then in his twenty-fourth year, heir of the fifth Marquis of Londonderry, who had inherited from his father the great territorial possessions of the Stewarts in the Irish counties of Down, Donegal, Antrim, and Derry, and from his mother the name of Vane-Tempest, with the rich coal-mines at Seaham and the broad acres at Wynyard and elsewhere in the north of England. Lady Castlereagh very speedily took that place among the leaders of London society to which, by her beauty, her charm of manner, and her high intelligence, she was justly entitled. She interested herself actively in her husband's political aspirations, and played her part in his various electioneering campaigns, which were not crowned with success until he won a seat for co. Down in 1878. But Viscount Castlereagh was not destined to rival the fame of his great-uncle in the Lower House; for, towards the end of 1884, by the sudden death of his father, he came into the long list of titles acquired by his ancestors, and into the enormous property attached thereto. Thus, at the age of thirty, his wife found herself in one of the grandest social positions to which an Englishwoman could well aspire—with wealth exceeding many royal revenues, with half-a-dozen palatial houses in England, Ireland, and Wales, with the prestige of two noble families, and of personal gifts and graces such as few can boast; and, it must not be forgotten, with duties also, to the performance of which she no less than her husband was keenly alive. By this time her marriage had been blessed with three children—two sons, born in 1878 and 1879 respectively, and a daughter, to whom the late Prince Leopold stood sponsor at her baptism. The accession of the Marquis of Salisbury to power, in 1886 gave Lord Londonderry an opportunity for re-entering the sphere of politics at a still higher level; and, in the autumn of that year, he courageously accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland—a great, but at that time not altogether an enviable, distinction. Lady Londonderry accompanied her husband to Dublin in August, and, in spite of the bitter feelings against English rule with

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THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

which the bulk of the people were animated, she met with a brilliant—not to say an enthusiastic—reception. Not one of the noble ladies who have held their court and exercised their hospitality in the Castle has earned a better name or left behind a more favourable impression than she. Lady Londonderry is skilled in the art of combining the dignity of a *grande dame* with the ease and courtesy of a charming hostess. Neither she nor the viceroy shrank from exertion or spared expense to make their miniature court a centre of all social attractions. Under the trying circumstances by which they were surrounded this was by no means an easy task, and her ladyship's health—for she is not, like some women of the fashionable world, a combination of steel and whalebone—often suffered severely from the mental and physical strain to which her constitution was subjected. Political cares and social demands were not the only matters that taxed her energy; for she lent sympathetic and generous attention to the various shapes of misery that the unhappy state of the country called into being; and many charitable schemes—from the supply of seed potatoes for the peasants to the fund for distressed Irish ladies—had her warm and active support. When, at the end of three years, the Marquis of Londonderry, influenced in no slight degree by considerations for his wife, determined to resign his post, the regret expressed by all classes was real and profound.

Since her return to England, the *châtelaine* of Wynyard has not been idle. Besides renewing her kindly interest in the huge industrial army that earns a livelihood on her husband's mining estates in Durham, she has done the honours of her two great northern seats to the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose visit to Wynyard and Seaham was one of the most splendid functions of 1890

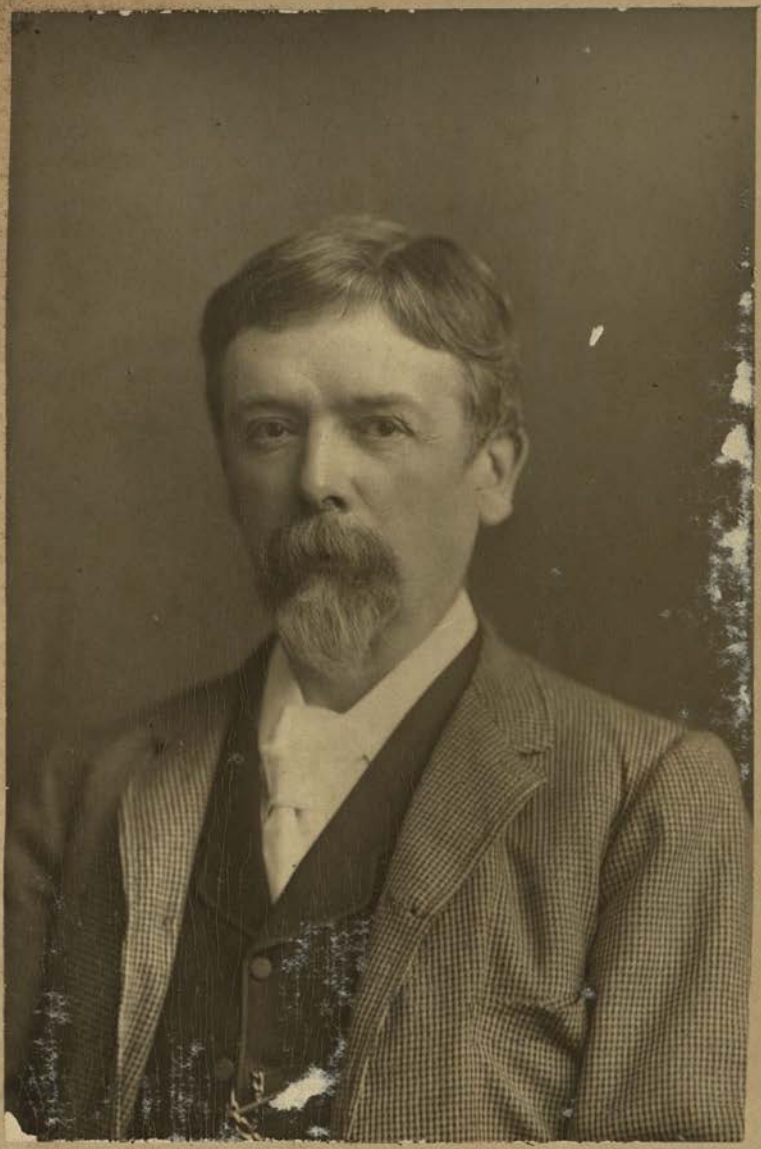
MR. GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THE future historian of the nineteenth century will find the pages of *Punch* more valuable for many of his purposes than the pages of "Hansard," or the biographies of men of the time. Whatever is distinctive or peculiar in national and individual life is seized upon by the artists and writers of that journal, and week by week they sit in judgment on the follies and meannesses of men and women. The pictures of Leech, familiar to us as children, perpetuate in our memories the fashions, habits, and scenes of a past generation. And what Leech has done for us, Mr. George du Maurier, his successor, is doing for our children.

He is, as his name implies, of foreign extraction. His grandparents were French, but in consequence of the troubled state of public affairs, they emigrated to England during the Reign of Terror. Mr. du Maurier, however, was born in Paris in 1834, his father having returned to France with the advent of more tranquil times. He possessed strong natural tastes for a musical as well as an artistic career, but his parents were bent on directing his studies into scientific channels, and for some time, therefore, he applied himself to the study of chemistry. It was not until the death of his father that he definitely adopted art as a profession. While studying in Paris, a great misfortune happened to him in the loss of the sight of his left eye, and pressure was again brought to bear upon him to abandon the career he had chosen. But the artistic impulse was too strong in Du Maurier to be discouraged, even when handicapped in this way, and, in the face of terrible odds, he commenced the work of his life.

He started as an illustrator in *Once a Week* and other periodicals, and so quickly did he distinguish himself there, that on the death of Leech in 1864, he was placed permanently on the staff of *Punch*. There he has remained ever since, and his artistic fame is bound up with his fame as an illustrator.

His work is noticeable especially on account of its artistic character. His love of beautiful faces and beautiful forms of every kind is apparent in everything he sketches, and what is equally evident is, that he endeavours to



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reproduce his impressions in the most beautiful form of which he is capable. Many of his predecessors were frequently satisfied with catching simply the humour and distinctiveness of the incident they were illustrating. But Mr. du Maurier always aims at a higher ideal. And the result is that his sketches delight us as pictures in as great a degree as they amuse us on account of their humours. Much of the refinement and expression one particularly notices in the original drawings is, however, necessarily lost when reproduced in *Punch*, and only those who have been privileged to see the pictures fresh from his hand are aware of the extreme delicacy and fastidiousness which characterise his draughtsmanship.

If his art is limited in its range, yet within that range is perfect of its kind, the same may be said of his humour. He is always at his best when he is dealing with English society. In a drawing-room, in the park, at the opera, or at a fashionable watering-place, lie the subjects around which his humour plays most successfully. Indeed, his efforts in other directions have not always been particularly happy. But as the satirist of Society, he has for years occupied an admittedly high position. In his time he has helped to laugh out of existence many eccentricities of habit and fashion. The æsthetic craze succumbed beneath his merciless analysis of the characters of Maudle and Postlethwaite, and Mrs. Cimabue Brown. He lays bare with genuine artistic delight the snob element in London society. And here the French blood in his veins stands him in good stead. He is sufficiently international in his point of view not to be hampered by insular prejudices in the exercise of his art. Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, Sir Gorgius Midas and Lady Midas, and others of the same class, are creations we owe to his rare powers of observation, and a peculiar individual way of looking at things. He has given us exquisite studies of the foreigner in England, which are only equalled by studies of the Englishman abroad. And the weak side of dinner-parties, at-homes, and musical parties, with their infinite possibilities of boredom and dulness, he hits off in inimitable fashion. The vulgarity of mere wealth apart from that undefinable something which constitutes good breeding, provides constant material for his fancy. But his humour is never of a boisterous nature. He rarely lets himself go in the direction of hearty laughter. His humour, like his art, is fastidious, and takes more often the form of a delicate and subtle irony.

There is a great deal to be learnt of Mr. du Maurier, his likes and his dislikes, from a perusal of his sketches. We know, for instance, that

big dogs and little children are very near to his heart. Of children he is especially fond, and "the picturesqueness of a British nursery" appeals to him with irresistible force. He has, too, the artist's passion for pretty faces and forms. Even the impertinent servant-girl of his sketches must be not less beautiful than her mistress. He has lived for many years in a quaintly-built house on Hampstead Heath, and the adjoining scenery is habitually used as a background for his pictures. Hampstead always receives special honour in the pages of *Punch*. Students of back numbers of that journal may remember one of Mr. du Maurier's sketches, which represented himself with a big dog, now, alas! dead, encountering two foot-pads on the Heath. Below the sketch are the words, "Blessed if a cove didn't ought to get six months for keepin' a dorg like that."

Mr. du Maurier frequently exhibits in the Royal Academy, and he has achieved no small success as a portrait painter. It is possible that, but for the natural disabilities under which he has laboured, he would have risen to great eminence in the higher branches of art. Speculations of this sort are, perhaps, futile. His work, as it stands, is of high excellence, and the wonder is that with all he has had to contend against, he has done so much. Mr. Ruskin says, "The acute, highly trained, and accurate physiologic observation of Du Maurier traces for us to its true origin in vice or virtue, every order of expression in the mixed circle of metropolitan rank and wealth, and has done so with a closeness of delineation the like of which has not been seen since Holbein; and deserving the most respectful praise in that, whatever power of satire it may reach by the selection and assemblage of telling points of character, it never degenerates into caricature."

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THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

"SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In the last category must be ranked all princes and princesses of the royal blood, more especially those who happen to be in the direct line of succession to the throne. From the moment of his birth the public interest in the character and achievements of a future king is keen, and not infrequently impertinent. He comes into the world bearing the burden of an honour to which in his secret heart he may very possibly feel that he is not born. At any rate, the burden is not rendered any lighter because of the great expectations with regard to his future which are shared in by everybody with whom he is brought into contact. His life is, to a certain extent, taken out of his own hands, and although he may inherit many of the qualities demanded of his high position, the fact remains that in the shaping of his career he possesses less freedom of action than is the case with many of the poorest of his future subjects. In nothing is a young prince more handicapped than in the curiosity which is aroused in his doings on the part of the public. Existence in an atmosphere of adulation is a bad training for both prince and peasant.

In the case of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales this danger has been accentuated by the extreme popularity of their father and mother. The greatest credit is therefore due to the Prince of Wales for the very sensible education he has given his children. No effort has been spared on his part to fit his eldest son for the position he may one day be called upon to fill. And the result is visible in the easy and capable manner in which the Duke of Clarence has set himself to discharge the duties attached to his rank and position.

He was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and was named Albert Victor, after his grandfather and grandmother. At the age of fifteen he and his brother George were appointed naval cadets on board H.M.S. *Bacchante*,

and in that capacity they accompanied that vessel on a cruise round the world. During that time Prince Albert Victor was receiving the best education at the hands of his tutor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, and as a result of the share he was expected to take in the daily duties of a sailor on board a man-of-war, he also acquired a practical knowledge of the art of seamanship. More valuable still must have been the indirect results of the cruise. He associated with all sorts and conditions of men, and, at the most impressionable period of a young man's life, he saw "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

The full account of the experiences of the young princes was given to the public in the shape of two bulky volumes entitled "The Cruise of H.M.S. *Bacchante*." This work is valuable not only as an account of an interesting voyage, but also for the side-lights it throws upon the character and habits of the princes. In a future king we naturally expect to find a keen interest in public affairs. And we meet with an amusing instance of this interest on the part of Prince Albert Victor and his brother, at a time when the *Bacchante* was returning from Bermuda to Portsmouth. A general election had recently taken place in England, and the excitement extended to the crew of H.M.S. *Bacchante*. To every ship they met they made the same signal, "Who is the Premier?" and after failing to obtain a response from several vessels, they ran alongside of an English barque, holding up a black board on the poop with "Who is the Premier?" chalked upon it. But the skipper, alas! although an Englishman, was no politician, and this word of foreign extraction had not yet been added to his vocabulary. He interpreted the question as a request for the name of his vessel, which he accordingly gave, and the royal princes had still further to restrain their anxiety as to the fortunes of their country.

Prince Albert Victor returned to England in 1882, and at once went into residence at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Later on he studied at the University of Heidelberg. His university career completed, he proceeded to Aldershot to qualify for the army. Since then his appearances in public have been very frequent. In 1887, in company with Prince George, he visited Ireland, and was accorded a brilliant and hospitable reception. In May, 1889, he visited Belfast and opened a new dock. In the same year he laid the foundation stone of the new Albert Bridge. Later on he started for India, accompanied by Sir Edward Bradford, as chief of the staff. Like his father before him, he was received everywhere with great loyalty

and enthusiasm. Like his father, too, he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunities for sport which India so richly provides. In this capacity especially he won golden opinions from the natives. In their eyes a sportsman and an Englishman are one and the same individual. Bishop Caldwell once asked a hillman, "Who governs the country now?" He answered, "The Pandyan," meaning by that term the petty landowner of the district. "But what about the English?" said the Bishop. "Oh! they don't govern, they shoot," said he. It must therefore have appealed to the hillman's idea of the fitness of things to find that the Queen's grandson was a good shot and a keen sportsman. Some of the receptions accorded him were conducted on a scale of grandeur only to be witnessed in the East. He must have won the good opinion of the native children as well as of their parents, for in one of his receptions we are told that a dainty little girl, whose brown limbs were swathed in yellow silk, was lifted up to put a garland of roses round His Royal Highness's neck.

On his return to England in the spring of 1890 the Prince took his seat in the House of Lords as the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone. The end of his long apprenticeship, and the complete acceptance of the responsibilities attaching to an heir to the throne, were sealed by this step, and, if his delicate health permits, he may now be expected to take a very active part in public life.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON.

AS far as London is concerned, Miss Huntington's career, though brief, has been brilliant, and her success has not come by chance, but has been fairly earned. She comes, like so many of our recent stars of comic opera, from America, her birth-place being Buffalo, U.S.A. From her childhood her tastes have been musical, and family financial troubles determining her to adopt the profession of vocalist, she began her studies under Signor Errani at New York. Failing health compelled her to cross to Europe, and she first went to Berlin, but finding there no suitable teacher, she moved on to Dresden, where Lamperti undertook her tuition.

She made successful appearances at Dresden, Stuttgart, Frankfort, and Berlin, and also at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic, where her singing met with a very warm reception. Encouraged by these ventures, Miss Huntington proceeded to Paris, where she sang at the Trocadero, and then came on to London, taking lessons there from Signor Randegger, and in 1882 she made her English *début* at one of Mr. Ganz's concerts.

Returning to America after a long sojourn in Europe, Miss Huntington travelled through most of the principal cities, singing in oratorios and operas, and everywhere being encouragingly received, and as leading lady of a Boston operatic company, she appeared with much success in such operas as *Martha* and *The Bohemian Girl*. But it was on her second visit to England that she was to meet with her first real triumph. She accepted the offer of an engagement from Mr. Carl Rosa to sing the title-part in *Paul Jones*. Several changes were made by the composer, M. Planquette, in order that the music might suit her voice, a rich contralto, and on the 12th of January, 1889, Miss Huntington made her first appearance on the English operatic stage, and at once achieved popularity. Her fine stage presence, her rich voice, and her spirited acting, caught the popular taste, and in a great measure the favour obtained by the opera was due to her efforts. The character, too, of the privateersman was eminently suited to the talents of the actress, who looked the part admirably, her tall, well-built figure, upright carriage, and

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handsome features enabling her to assume the garb of the dashing sailor with complete success. *Paul Jones* enjoyed a long run, and was followed by *Marjorie*, Miss Huntington undertaking the part of "Wilfrid," which, as unsuited to her voice, she threw up after a few nights. This led to a dispute, eventually decided in the law-courts, and Miss Huntington was condemned to pay £1,000 damages to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and an injunction was obtained restraining her from singing in England till the end of 1890—more of a penalty to the British public than to the singer. After a short period of rest she again visited America, and produced *Paul Jones* with the greatest success, her performance of the title *rôle* meeting there with as emphatic a triumph as it had in England.

HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

NTON RUBINSTEIN was born on the 16th of November, 1829, in Vichvatìjnetz (sometimes written Wechwotinez) a village on the Dneister, near the frontier of Podòlsk and Bessarabia. In his autobiography he tells us that it is only recently that the exact date of his birth has been ascertained, owing to a lapse of memory on the part of his dear mother. The examination of certain official documents proves the above to be his birthday, though all his life he has kept the 18th of November as his fête-day, and the jubilee celebration, already alluded to, was held in St. Petersburg on the last-named date. His mother was Kalèria Christofòrovna Levenstein, a native of Prussian Silesia, and his father was Gregòri Romanovich, a Polish Jew; hence he is sometimes called, though improperly, Anton Gregorivich, which simply means Anton the son of Gregori. He was the third son of his parents; the fourth son, Nicholas, born in 1835, became also a musician, and director of the Conservatoire at Moscow.

Anton Rubinstein derived his earliest instruction in music from his mother, when he was between five and six years of age. He tells us that she also instructed his brothers as well, but devoted more time and attention to him than to any of the others, because of the readiness with which he profited by her teaching. This was not only serious, but, as he tells us, was also often severe.

When his father removed to Moscow, where he established a pen and pencil manufactory, the family renewed their acquaintance with Madame Barbara Grünberg, who, with her daughter Julia, a child of ten, gave some concerts in that city. The talent displayed by the young girl suggested to Madame Rubinstein the necessity of obtaining more systematic instruction for her own clever boy, and he became the pupil of Alexander Villoing, who undertook his musical education free of charge. He remained with Villoing until he was thirteen years of age, and had no other teacher for the pianoforte. Rubinstein gave his first concert in public in Moscow on the 11th of July, 1839, when he played an Allegro from Hummel's Concerto, an Andante of Thalberg, and four smaller pieces by Liszt, Henselt, and Field.

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HERR ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

In his eleventh year he made the tour of Europe as a performer, looking upon his concerts in the light of a plaything.

Moved by a desire of improvement, his mother wished him to enter the Conservatoire in Paris. His master agreed to the plan, and travelled with him to the French capital. He was not admitted to the Conservatoire, but remained a whole year in Paris, and gave several concerts, at one of which Liszt, Chopin, Leopold Meyer, Vieuxtemps, and other musicians were present. Liszt advised Villoing to take his pupil to Germany to complete his musical education. They travelled through Holland, England, Norway, and Sweden into Germany, giving concerts in all the principal towns of those several countries, and being received with enthusiasm everywhere. In London he was most graciously welcomed by Queen Victoria, and in all the highest circles of society. His extraordinary memory—he played all his programmes without the copies—and his marvellous command of the key-board of the pianoforte astonished and delighted all his hearers, high and low. After four years' residence abroad, he returned to St. Petersburg, where he was summoned to the Winter Palace, and presented to the Imperial family. A year later found him back in Moscow. The money he received had been spent in travelling expenses, but he had many valuable presents, which were pledged to relieve the family necessities, for his father had not been successful in business. His mother, not satisfied with his musical progress, determined to settle in Berlin for the purpose of improving, not only himself, but his sister Lùba, and his brother Nicholas, who had already shown some talent as a composer. He took lessons in composition from Siegfried Wilhelm Dehn, and studied various branches of literature which had hitherto been neglected by him. In Berlin, in 1843, his first composition was published, was favourably noticed by Schumann, and he also became acquainted with Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. At the age of sixteen he started alone for Vienna, determined to pursue an independent career. He was armed with a number of letters of introduction, but these proved to be worse than useless, and he was saved from dying of starvation only by the friendly interposition of Liszt.

He returned to Berlin and gave lessons until the revolution of 1848 broke out. He then directed his thoughts to St. Petersburg. On the frontier his box of compositions was confiscated, and subsequently sold for waste paper. He supported himself by giving lessons, and acting as conductor of symphony concerts. In 1852 he was engaged as accompanist

to the Palace singers, an office for which he jestingly found the title of "Janitor of Music" for himself. In this capacity he was constantly in contact with the members of the Russian Royal Family, who have always shown him great honour. His first opera in Russian, *Dmìtri Donskoì*, was produced at St. Petersburg in 1853. This was followed by *Hadjè Abrèk*, and *Thomas the Fool*. The years 1854 to 1858 were spent in an artistic tournée in Germany, France, and England, and a short stay in Nice in the winter of 1856. On his return to his native land he founded the Russian Musical Society, for the purpose of defining the status of musicians in Russia; and further, inspired by a patriotic instinct to foster the love of music inherent in his countrymen, he instituted series of musical classes, developed later into a Conservatoire of Music in St. Petersburg, creating the title of "Bachelor of Music" for its successful students. Thus he won for musicians an acknowledged social position which had hitherto only been enjoyed by painters and actors in Russia. In 1867 he left the Conservatoire as he says "in a rage," because he did not approve of the action of his professors in the conduct of the work, and undertook an artistic tour in America, where he was, to his great horror, for a time entirely under the control of his manager; a matter which "galled his artistic soul to the utmost." Here, and subsequently in Europe, he gave that remarkable series of historical concerts, every piece in the six programmes played from memory, illustrating the progress of the art of writing for a keyed instrument from the time of William Byrde in England, to that of Cesar Cui, one of the pupils in his own Conservatoire. He resumed his directorship on his return home in 1887, and in 1889 all classes of Russian society helped to celebrate with honour the jubilee of his artistic career. At this time he determined to retire as a public performer, and in January, 1889, he made his last bow, after a concert in Moscow, when the pianoforte was finally locked. "He made one pathetic gesture of farewell and disappeared from the concert-room for ever."

Many of his compositions, his beautiful songs, one of his operas, *The Demon*, one of his oratorios, *Paradise Lost*, some of his symphonies, "The Ocean" being chief favourite, and an innumerable quantity of his pianoforte pieces, have been presented in England several times, or are well known to students of "advanced music," and his extraordinary power as a pianist will keep his name green in this country, where he has ever been welcomed with enthusiasm and honour.

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THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

DR. BOYD CARPENTER'S career has not been one which has brought him prominently before the world as a party leader or a controversialist. If you were asked what he has done, it might be difficult to give an answer off-hand; and yet by universal consent his appointment to the highest office in the ministry of the Church was felt by everybody to be a wise and natural step. He is a man whose influence to a large degree is silent, but strong and deep.

He was one of the three sons of a hard-working Liverpool clergyman—a man, it is said, both wise and without guile. He had need of wisdom, certainly, even more than ordinary; for he held a church where there were two incumbents. A few years ago there were several such churches; but the duality has been eliminated gradually, as they fell vacant. His first colleague was a hot Tractarian, and he exchanged with an ultra-Calvinist. It was, no doubt, a trying position; but it would do him good service if it gave him a training in the value of controversial extremes. At all events, his son seems to have learned the lesson; for his ministerial life has certainly been marked by two characteristics not always seen in combination—religious earnestness and moderation. If one were forced to affix a ticket to the views of the Bishop of Ripon—though we do not see the necessity—perhaps "Broad Evangelical" might best answer to the truth. The elimination to which we have referred took place in the case before us. An Act of Parliament put an end to the anomaly, and Mr. Boyd Carpenter, for the last four years of his life, became sole incumbent.

Another element in his son's education grew out of those keen powers of observation which are remarkably apparent in his writings. He loved, as a child, to ramble among the ships in those marvellous docks of his native town; and it is said by one who knew him in childhood, that he and his brothers knew the name of every steam-vessel of any size which went in and out of the Mersey. The boys loved to cross the river, to wander among the sand-hills of New Brighton, and, in their holidays, to extend their excursions into North Wales, and there to love and search out the mountains as they

had done the river and the sea. They even more than once crossed the Irish Channel, and aroused the latent force of the Irish element which was in their blood.

The Bishop, we believe, loves to talk about the two schoolmasters of his youth—one still living and one dead. One was mad, and nearly made his pupils so; and another was thought mad, and yet taught them how to avoid madness.

Cambridge was his university; he was Foundation Scholar of St. Catharine's College. He took his degree as a Senior Optime in 1864, and was ordained deacon the same year by Archbishop Longley, as curate of Maidstone. A heavy sorrow fell upon him contemporaneously—the loss of the home light. His father came to Cambridge to see him take his degree, and his son never saw him alive again. He returned to his parish, was seized with fever, and rapidly sank and died. Three years later, the young clergyman became curate at Holy Trinity, Lee, and the aged incumbent is very proud of having had him as his coadjutor. In 1870 he was appointed vicar of St. James's, Holloway, by Daniel Wilson, the vicar of Islington; and here his reputation as a preacher rapidly rose. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877, and at Oxford in 1883–4; and Hulsean Lecturer in 1879. In this year, also, he was appointed Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, and vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. We well remember, at the Church Congress at Croydon, in 1877, he made a short address on the subject of promoting harmony of feeling between clergy and laity. Comparatively few of the audience knew even his name; but when he sat down a buzz went round, plainly expressing that he had produced a very great impression upon the whole audience.

He was now clearly on the way to further successes. In 1882 he became a Canon of Windsor, and in 1884 was consecrated, in Westminster Abbey, to the see of Ripon, on the death of Dr. Robert Bickersteth.

He is not particularly celebrated as a writer. Besides several small works—one of poetry, the rest devotional—he has published his Hulsean Lectures and "The Witness of the Heart for Christ." His Bampton Lectures, delivered in 1887, are only just published. He has, besides these, written the Commentary on the Book of Revelation in Bishop Ellicott's *Bible for English Readers*.

There are some—and not careless judges—who declare that the Bishop of Ripon is the finest preacher in the Church of England. Such an expression of opinion, however, may be reckoned invidious. In such a matter so much depends on the standpoint and the standard of test. He is not greater than

Archbishop Magee in the power of culminating his sentences into powerful paragraphs, nor has he anything like his mastery of invective and trenchant sarcasm as a popular orator. He does not surpass Archdeacon Farrar in intensity of manner, nor is he his equal in wide and accurate learning. The late Canon Liddon's definite and precise, if somewhat narrow, theology was far superior to the Bishop's. But in the gifts which are undeniably his—in wide grasp of ideas, in genuine sympathy with the anxious and inquiring in wealth of language and power of enunciation, he is unsurpassed. On the occasion of the last service held by the two Houses of Parliament, at St. Margaret's, as their parish church—viz., the Jubilee Service on the Queen's fiftieth year of accession, the Bishop of Ripon was chosen as the preacher, and it is said that the past and present First Lords of the Treasury both agreed that they had never heard a finer display of oratory.

The Bishop invariably preaches extempore, without a scrap of notes. His Bampton Lectures were so delivered. And in the lectures which he delivers from platforms on literary subjects—some of which are among the most attractive things which he has done—it is the same, even to the quotations They are delivered *memoriter*. The best of these lectures of his is that on Dante. Since the death of the deans of St. Paul's (Church) and Wells (Plumptre) there is no one who knows Dante so well as Bishop Boyd Carpenter.

In physique he is slight of build, rather under the middle height. Unlike all his brethren in the episcopate, except Gloucester and Bristol, he eschews shorts and gaiters, and retains the black trousers of priesthood. A story is current in his diocese that soon after he entered upon it he made an appointment to call on one of his clergy on a certain day at his vicarage. On presenting himself at the door he was told by the servant, "Well, my master his at 'ome; but he won't be able to see you to-day, for he expects the bishop 'ere immediate!"

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

THE subject of this sketch may be regarded as the representative of common sense among the advanced women of the day. Though strongly in favour of the enfranchisement of women, and deeply interested in what is known as "the women's movement," Miss Faithfull does not believe in the paramount importance of questions of this nature. She desires rather to help women to help themselves; to open to them remunerative employments, to secure for them a fair field and no favour; with the advantages of a practical training, of a thorough education, and of the protection of their own earnings. To obtain these benefits for her sisters she has devoted the best energies of her life for the last thirty years, and she has been abundantly successful. The status of working women now stands much higher than it would have done if she had not laboured.

Miss Emily Faithfull was born at Headley Rectory, in Surrey, her father being the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull, who for nearly half a century was rector of Headley. At thirteen years of age she was sent to a boarding school at Kensington, and even at this early age indications of the firmness and independence which belong to her character were not wanting. After leaving school, Miss Faithfull soon became acquainted with the struggles and trials which women have to undergo who are compelled to make their own living; and she determined to devote herself to the work of opening up remunerative employments to her sex, and bettering the conditions of female labour. Her first efforts in this direction were made as secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women, a position which she occupied for some months, when she was requested by Lord Brougham and Lord Shaftesbury to join a committee of the Social Science Association, formed with a similar object. In a short time her name became known in connection with her mission throughout the country, and correspondents wrote to her from all parts asking her advice. The fact that so many women wished to work who yet were quite in the dark as to the work available for women proved that Miss Faithfull's efforts were well directed.

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MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

In 1860, Miss Faithfull started the Victoria Press, a printing office in which women were to be employed as compositors. Before doing this, however, she was careful to learn from a printer the art of type-setting. The undertaking was not a commercial success, but it conclusively showed that women could set type. Many women were taught the trade, and trained female compositors readily found employment.

In 1861, there issued from the Victoria Press a handsome volume of selections from the poets, entitled, "Victoria Regia." It was dedicated to the Queen, who was much pleased with it, and as a mark of her approval appointed Miss Faithfull Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. In 1863 was started the *Victoria Magazine*, a monthly periodical devoted to women's subjects. For eighteen years Miss Faithfull continued to edit this work. She also produced a volume entitled "Welcome," which was presented to the Princess of Wales on her marriage. In 1868, Miss Faithfull published a novel, "Change upon Change," which was very successful. Her "Offering to Lancashire" was written in aid of the Cotton Famine Fund. It is still gratefully remembered in Manchester. Lady Lothian's French Refugee Fund, started in the days of the Franco-German war, also received substantial aid from her eloquence.

Miss Faithfull enjoys the distinction of being the first lady lecturer on social topics in England. She made her *début* at the Hanover Square Rooms in 1868, and achieved a marked success. Her subject was the claims of women, and she aimed at convincing her hearers that unless girls have a practical training and are well educated, they are placed at a disadvantage from the outset. As a lecturer Miss Faithfull has been very popular both in England and America.

The Queen has always taken a kindly interest in Miss Faithfull's work. In the Jubilee year Miss Faithfull was called upon by the Mayor of Manchester to deliver a special Jubilee address in the Town Hall on the political and social changes due to Queen Victoria's life and influence.

Miss Faithfull has been at work for more than thirty years, but she is still busy and active. Her pen is seldom idle, and she is a constant contributor to periodical literature. It is pleasant to know that not very long ago a Literary pension was bestowed upon her. Everyone who realises what her services have been as a writer and worker on behalf of women must feel that this reward has been honourably earned.

LORD DERBY.

IF the lord of Knowsley were addicted to cynicism, he would be tempted so to alter a familiar warning as to make it read, "Put not your trust in parties." The son of a Conservative Prime Minister, he had refused the leadership of the Tory party in the House of Lords and had twice occupied the highest position next to that of Premier, when a great question arose upon which he took one view and his party another. After holding himself aloof from both parties for some time, he formally went over to the other side, and in due time found himself a leading member of a Liberal Administration. But in less than half a dozen years from the publication of the famous letter to Lord Sefton announcing his adhesion to the policy of Mr. Gladstone, another great question arose as a wall of division between him and the bulk of the party to which he had seceded, and there was nothing for him to do but to throw in his lot with the dissentient minority. He has, therefore, been obliged to act in alliance with the party to which he first gave allegiance, although he has not returned to its bosom, and is not likely to do so—for reasons which this is not the place to dwell upon. Nor is he more likely to find himself again sitting at the same Council-table with Mr. Gladstone, or even with Mr. Gladstone's immediate successor. It is true that there are no obstacles of a personal character to be overcome, so far as the Liberal party is concerned, for if Lord Derby has an enemy, it is not among the men whom he is at present opposing. But, as he himself was the first to insist, when others were trying to mistake their wishes for their thoughts, the policy to which he objects is by no means dead. And even if the question had been settled one way or the other, there have been other developments during the period of separation in which he would be little likely to acquiesce. The prospect of his return to office is, therefore, too remote to be worth consideration at this juncture.

That Lord Derby should thus be condemned to a position of comparative isolation is certainly not due to any angularities, either of mind or of

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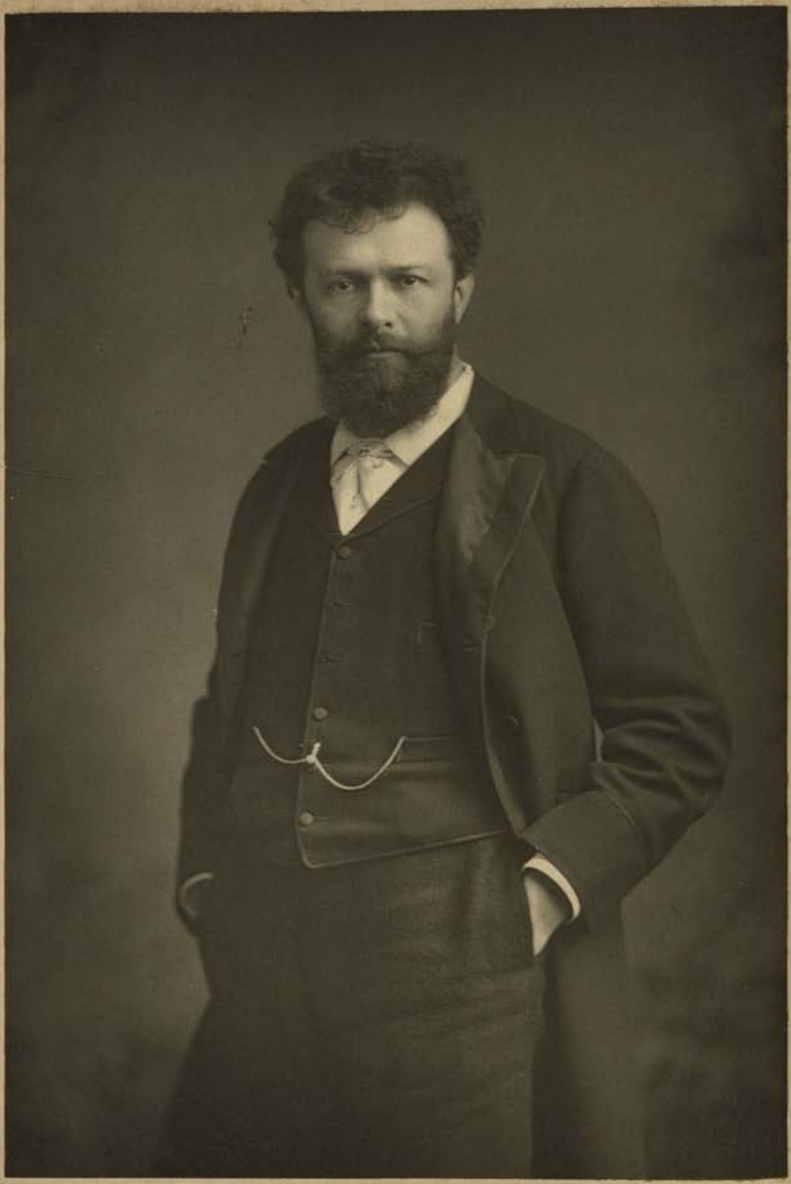
LORD DERBY.

character. Although one who guides himself by first principles, instead of being, like so many statesmen in these days of transition, content to live from hand to mouth, he is no crotcheteer. Nor is he a man to arouse personal animosities. With him, more, perhaps, than with any other statesman of the day, politics are impersonal, and there is so little of the partisan in him that it would have been, at any part of his career, difficult to determine whether he was more esteemed by those behind or by those in front of him. It is true that on one occasion he was assailed in a fashion which, happily, it is not our business to characterise, but of which the future historian of these times will have something to say. But the incident stands by itself; and, even in his younger days, his "liberality" and "wisdom" won the praise of so hard a hitter as Mr. Bright, speaking from the opposite side of the House. The explanation which we are seeking is to be found in the law which attaches defects to strongly-marked qualities. With a temperament that never gives sign of heat, and an intellect that seems to detect fallacies by instinct, he is on the negative side a pre-eminently "safe" statesman, who might be absolutely relied upon not to commit a positive error. Such men are fitted to do the State admirable service, both in quiet times, and in troubled times when the thing to do is to do nothing. But when decisive initiative is needed they are apt, in their acute sense of the hazards attendant upon action of any kind, to pursue a policy of inactivity which is not at all masterly. For his love of peace, which, perhaps, comes as near to being a passion with him as anything can, Lord Derby is entitled to all praise; and probably most Englishmen are now grateful to him for the pacific influence he was able to exercise in the complications between this country and the Northern States of America during and after the Civil War. But it is questionable whether his qualities stood the country in such good stead when it fell to his lot to deal with the Eastern Question. For the nation at that time there were but two policies, each with its multitude of advocates—one to bring pressure to bear upon the unspeakable Turk, the other to checkmate the perfidious Muscovite. Lord Derby preferred to do neither, and was concerned only to keep us out of the broil. Whatever change may since have come over men's minds, it has not, probably, led them to take kindly to this policy for that particular crisis.

No one who has followed Lord Derby's career at all discerningly can be surprised that six years ago he should have written himself down a Liberal, or that he should still call himself a Liberal Unionist. For even while a

prominent member of the Conservative party, he was not seldom found fighting on the other side. He withstood the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, it is true. But he disestablished the East India Company, he strenuously advocated the abolition of Church Rates, and he contended for the removal of the Disabilities imposed upon the Jews. It is not singular, therefore, that, although he had been Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in one of his father's administrations, his first invitation to Cabinet office should have come from Lord Palmerston, who in 1855 wished him to succeed Sir William Molesworth as Colonial Secretary. Lord Stanley, however, preferred to await the return of his own party to power. He then, in 1858, accepted the portfolio of Secretary of State for India, and so father and son found themselves sitting together in the same Cabinet—a thing which had not happened since Burleigh and Cecil sat at the same board as advisers to Queen Bess, nearly three hundred years before. He first became Foreign Secretary in 1866, and in bringing about the settlement of the Luxembourg difficulty between France and Prussia his statesmanship touched its highest point. He has never had another such opportunity of showing what admirable work he can do where prudence, sagacity, and tact are needed; and it may be that circumstances will never be so propitious again. Yet it must not be supposed that he is in any degree a disappointed man. More than twenty years ago, in declining the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, offered to him on the death of his father, he spoke of himself as unqualified, "by habit and temperament," for such a function; and he not improbably foresaw that the time might come when he would find himself cut off from one party, if not from both. But what the Apostle said of the body physical is true also of the body politic. The State may be served by the most diverse gifts. Even at times when prudence consists in bold and vigorous action—in making precedents rather than in following them—it still has need of critical and unimpassioned minds to lay bare the dangers and difficulties to which more daring temperaments may be oblivious. In this sense, as well as in the poet's, "they also serve who only stand and wait." A national party may be a dream; but there is no reason why we should not have a few national statesmen, who, entangled by no party ties, and not laying themselves out for office, should speak as *amici curiæ*, giving counsel which would not be less patriotic because absolutely impartial. There is no one whom such a position, as honourable as it might be useful, would so well become as Lord Derby.



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MR. HENSCHEL.

MR. HENSCHEL.

THERE are few artists now before the public who severally and conjointly display greater talents in their own particular way than Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel. Both husband and wife are favourites in the concert-room, and have earned their popularity by the exercise of musical abilities somewhat out of the common order.

The versatility exhibited by Mr. Henschel points to gifts and accomplishments not always found united in one person; and if the proverb concerning the knowledge of more than one language be paraphrased, then Mr. Henschel, as composer, singer, pianist, and conductor, is, by the multiplication of his attainments, so much the more a musician. Mr. Henschel, as a singer, is a fine example of the triumph of art over natural defects, while as an accompanist he is unrivalled for the sympathetic ability he possesses in supporting a vocalist, and in bringing out the poetry and the intention of the composer. This happy power of divining the latent meaning of musical thoughts is a gift not possessed by all, and in Mr. Henschel it would seem to be an innate principle, guided, directed, and developed by careful musical training and preparation.

How this particular talent was fostered may be gathered from the record of his life and course of study. He was born on the 18th of February, 1850, at Breslau, the capital of Prussian Silesia, which, next to Berlin, ranks as the most populous city in Prussia.

The inclination for music which he displayed at a very early age was guided into proper channels by Dr. Schaeffer, who at that time had charge of the musical studies in the University of young Henschel's native town. Such was the earnestness of the boy, and the skill of the master, that he was able to make his *début* as a solo pianist in a place of no less importance than Berlin, in the twelfth year of his age, selecting as his principal solo piece Weber's Concerto, a work whose difficulties often daunt the more experienced. He had also, even in those early days, devoted some time to composition, and his productions attracted attention from those who could

assess with a kindly partiality the immature expressions of the mind of a talented and enthusiastic boy.

In his seventeenth year he became a student in the Conservatoire at Leipzig, where his musical studies in various departments—pianoforte, harmony, composition, and singing—were directed by Moscheles, Richter, Reinecke, and Goetze. He was moved by a wish to make the acquaintance of Liszt, then resident in Weimar, and here his desire was fulfilled to his own artistic profit. Mr. Henschel next settled for a time in Berlin, for the purpose of pursuing his musical studies, and under the famous Friedrich Kiel and Ad. Schulze he made great progress as a composer and as a singer, his industry as a writer enabling him to produce a vast number of works in all styles. He succeeded, in spite of certain unpromising material, in becoming a vocalist of a very high order. This he proved most conclusively at the Cologne Festival of 1874, when he made his first distinguished triumph by the intelligent interpretation of the work assigned to him on that occasion. So many were the engagements which followed, not only in Germany, but throughout the Continent, that the idea he at one time entertained of arranging an artistic *tournée* through Europe as a solo pianist was set aside, and it was in the capacity of a vocalist that he made his first appearance in England in 1877.

In London his success as a singer was secured by the purely artistic properties he displayed in the management of a baritone voice of extensive compass and incisive quality.

He exhibited his qualifications as an orchestral conductor for the first time in England at a concert given in St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, in December, 1879.

In 1880 Mr. Henschel paid a visit to America, and accepted an invitation to become conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, a Boston society which owes its existence and endowment to Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, a prominent citizen of that place. The first concert took place on October 22nd, 1881, and was very successful; but after holding the appointment for three years, Mr. Henschel returned to England with his wife, and before settling in London gave a series of concerts with her in most of the principal cities of Europe.

He came back to London in 1885, and having become a naturalised Englishman, settled there, and started the London Symphony Concerts in 1886. In these concerts Mr. Henschel shows the like ability which

distinguishes his efforts as a vocalist, and the taste and judgment which characterise his marvellous ability as an accompanist on the pianoforte. He has written a large number of works for the orchestra, for chorus, and for the pianoforte, together with a goodly list of "Lieder" for one or more voices, among which the "Trompeter Lieder" and "Serbisches Liederspiel" are the best known.

MRS. HENSCHEL.

MRS. GEORGE HENSCHEL, as Lillian Bailey, was a pupil of her husband, and even before her marriage had achieved a well-deserved fame as a graceful singer. Her sweet soprano voice and thoroughly artistic style enhanced the natural charm of a simplicity of manner which made her reading and interpretation of music, especially of compositions of the unsophisticated school of song-writers, almost unique. "She always secured," as an earnest critic once wrote of her, "golden opinions of her audience, more especially in the *Chanson* and the *Lied*, and wherever her delivery is not over-weighted by elaborate bravura passages." In the series of "Vocal Recitals" which have been given annually since the year 1885, the sweetness of her vocalisation has added new delights to many beautifully written songs, both old and new—songs by Carrissimi Cimarosa, Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Purcell, Auber, Boieldieu, Schubert, Franz, Loewe, Corder, Villiers Stanford, and others, including some by Mr. George Henschel himself, the beauties of which were further augmented by the masterly manner in which the accompaniments to all have been played by him. The sympathies of both husband and wife are with the labours of musicians of all times and periods, and their several interpretation of the songs of different styles and ages is truly refined and highly artistic.

Lillian Bailey, who was born at Columbus, Ohio, in 1860, has had the advantage of careful guidance of her musical studies from her earliest years. In her childhood she gave indications of that musical ability which hereafter distinguished her. She was placed under the best available teachers (among them her uncle, Charles R. Hayden, himself a singer of note, who died at Boston in 1886) until her fourteenth year, when it was felt that she had made such advances that higher instruction was needed, and she became the pupil of the famous Madame Rudersdorff, one of the first vocalists of her day, and an admirable teacher, then resident in Boston, America. At the end of two years, namely, in 1876, she was permitted to make her first public appearance at a concert given by Mr. B. J. Lang, and her success was instant and decided.

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MRS. HENSCHEL.

For two years she pursued a career of undiminished prosperity in her own country, and then, with the laudable ambition of further extending her artistic knowledge and experience, she went to Paris and became a pupil under Madame Viardot-Garcia, the younger sister of the famous Malibran, and of Manuel Garcia, the renowned master of Jenny Lind. Armed with the increased powers acquired by association with the great vocalist and teacher, she made her first appearance in London in 1879, at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. As a result of the favourable impression made by her on that occasion, she was engaged to sing at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, at the then newly established Richter Concerts, at the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, and at other places where refined artistic vocalisation is duly appreciated.

In 1881 she married Mr. George Henschel, with whom she had continued her studies since her residence in London, and, in conjunction with her husband, sustained the annual series of "Vocal Recitals" in a manner which had never been before attempted, and which it would be difficult to continue by any two other artists now before the public but those by whom they were instituted.

SIR HENRY ROSCOE.

IR HENRY ENFIELD ROSCOE is one of our most distinguished living chemists, and enjoys the reputation, not often given to our greatest scientists, of being also a useful worker in our every-day world,—not a silent student separated from its distractions for the sake of mental concentration.

For Sir Henry is a member of the House of Commons having represented South Manchester in the Liberal interest since 1885. And he is an active member, too, taking a very prominent part in the important questions of technical and general education; for in these matters he is an authority of many years' experience. Of course it is this publicity that gives his name its familiarity; his scientific achievements may be far greater benefits conferred to the world, but there is no shutting our eyes to the fact that we appreciate them far less. And that is the way with science and scientists—the more truly great the achievement, the less is it likely to be appreciated by the outside world. An exhaustive examination of the properties of some rare and slightly known metal, the discovery of a fresh mode of mathematical analysis that may be applied as a new implement in intricate research work, or the full description of some remote organism in the biological world, embodying, perhaps, the uninterrupted observations of a decade, are very seldom properly appreciated till some organising genius lifts the world to a better view of the correlation of things.

Henry Roscoe was born in London in 1833. He comes of a family possessing high literary talents. His father was a barrister by profession, and, besides writing many important professional works, was also an elegant and accomplished writer in less technical literature. Many whose knowledge of chemistry is too limited to invest the name of Roscoe with any interest in that direction may be familiar with the well-known "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," by William Roscoe, Henry's grandfather.

He received his earlier education at the Liverpool High School, coming thence to the metropolis to work for his degree at the University College. In 1852, at the age of nineteen, he obtained his Arts degree, and shortly afterwards went over to Germany, to study science at Heidelberg. It should here

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be remarked that a working knowledge of the German language is absolutely essential to the modern chemistry specialist, who cannot wait for the translation of important German researches continually appearing in the *Berichte* and other such journals. Indeed, most of them are never translated, and but slowly assimilated into our English text-books.

His later work in the regions of spectrum analysis and the measurement of the chemical effects of light-rays give us reason to believe in the effect of his intercourse with Bunsen, then Professor of Chemistry at Heidelberg, whose fame chiefly rests on his introduction of this powerful method of analysing all sources of light. In fact, the two have worked conjointly at the subject, producing occasional papers with the dual signature.

Returning to England, he specialised his studies in the direction of chemistry and chemical physics, in which branches of science much success has attended his labours.

In 1858 Roscoe was appointed to the Chair of Chemistry at the Owens College, Manchester, which he retained for eighteen years, resigning the post when the press of his public work became too great for his continued tenure of the professorship. During this period he accomplished a great deal of original research work, and wrote many chemico-physical papers, in English and in German, for the various learned societies, besides fulfilling his professorial duties at the College. He is a good lecturer, and a clear exponent of science, in all respects admirable as a professor in his subject. His great influence in chemical industries throughout the country has enabled him to look well to the good beginning of the careers of his most promising students.

As evidencing the high position he has attained among his contemporaries in scientific work, it may be mentioned that he was the examiner in chemistry at the London University during the years 1874–78; he was elected President of the Chemical Society in 1880, of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1881, and of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1882.

The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in November, 1884. Other tributes of all kinds have flowed in upon him. He was presented with the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge in 1883, and of D.C.L. Oxon. in 1887. The gold medal of the Royal Society had been awarded to the Professor in the year 1873, for his various chemical and physical researches up to that date—more especially for his investigations on the chemical effects of light-rays and on the combinations of the metal vanadium.

His published works include investigations on the chemical action of light, lectures on Spectrum Analysis, and a charming little Elementary Chemistry, well known to most beginners of the study, that has been translated into German, Russian, Hungarian, and Italian, besides appearing in an American edition—remarkable evidence of its ability and serviceableness. His chief work—"Treatise on Chemistry"—was written in conjunction with Prof. C. Schorlemmer, his successor to the professorship at Owens College, and, as might be supposed, it is one of the best general treatises on the subject. Moreover, it may be safely predicted that, in spite of the rapid advances in the science, the section on Inorganic Chemistry will long remain a classic work of reference

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MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

FEW more striking figures have been seen on the stage of public life in our generation than that of the "Father of the Land League." You have but to glance at his remarkable face, with its look of vigour and determination and earnestness, its strongly marked features, its brow "that thought has knit and passion darkened," and then at the armless sleeve, dangling uselessly at his side, to know that you have before you a man with a history.

The story of Michael Davitt's youth is one of misery, anxiety, and turmoil. Born in the darkest hour that Ireland has ever known, he was driven forth in early childhood from his poor homestead in Mayo. He set forth with his parents, penniless exiles, to Haslingden, in Lancashire, and here was put to work presently at a mill. By an accident, however, he was deprived of his right arm, and became unfitted for manual labour. This led to his finding employment in the local post-office and stationer's shop, where he learnt to read. He grew absorbed in his books, and gave to them every moment that he could spare. About this time he attended a meeting where the wrongs of Ireland were eloquently described, and feelings of patriotism that had lain dormant in his breast were aroused, and he became a Fenian, and dreamed wild dreams of the "proud old land made free." He was present at the attempted seizure of Chester Castle, carrying a cartridge bag with his left hand, and afterwards, having escaped arrest, returned to Haslingden. He was less fortunate some years later, when, together with a gunsmith from Birmingham, he was arrested in the possession of illegal arms bound for Ireland. He was convicted of treason-felony, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. After half this term had elapsed, in 1877, he was released on ticket-of-leave. He had a great reception on his return to Ireland, and commenced shortly afterwards a series of lectures in different parts of the kingdom. In August, 1878, he visited America, and began to work out the details of a scheme over which he had pondered many a long hour in the solitude of his prison cell, the scheme for the organisation of the famous Land League.

"The Irish National Land League" was started in October, 1879, in his native county of Mayo. Its immediate object was to protect tenants from the injustice of landlords. "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns." Mr. Davitt, in common with Thomas Davis, believes in the natural advantages of Ireland as an agricultural country, and attributes her misfortunes to her alien Government and pernicious land system. Whether his schemes for the improvement of the lot of the Irish peasant have proved beneficial or the reverse is not for discussion here; that in this, as in all his other undertakings, he is, at least, absolutely sincere and disinterested, is admitted even by those who have never before acknowledged sincerity or purity of motive in an Irish patriot.

In November, 1879, he was arrested for using seditious language, but, the prosecution not being proceeded with, he paid a second visit to America, in the company of Mr. John Dillon, for the purpose of organising the Land League throughout the United States.

A technical breach of his ticket-of-leave—on which he had been released in 1877—was the cause of his being re-imprisoned in Portland jail in the beginning of 1881. His experiences during this period of imprisonment are related in the first part of his "Leaves from a Prison Diary," the second part of which is devoted to the setting forth of his views on the government of Ireland, the land question, and the organisation of labour, in the form of lectures supposed to be delivered to a pet blackbird named "Joe." If "Joe" lived to make acquaintance with other inmates of the prison, he probably had to listen from time to time to dissertations of a somewhat different and less edifying character.

Whilst in Portland Mr. Davitt was elected M.P. for County Meath, but was disqualified by a special vote of the House of Commons, moved by Sir William Harcourt. He was released in May, 1882, and since that time has been much before the public in his triple capacity of "Irish free-lance"—a designation he chose himself—land nationaliser, and organiser of labour.

In the Parnell Commission he conducted his own defence with a tact, ability, and eloquence that extorted admiration not merely from the President, but from unsympathetic and prejudiced witnesses.

Towards the end of 1890 he started *The Labour World*, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the working classes, and was obliged, as editor, to take up his abode in London. He is forced, consequently, to content himself with occasional visits to his happy home near Killiney, Co.

Dublin—the residence presented him on his marriage by his colleagues in the Nationalist cause. "Land League Cottage" is beautifully situated, and commands magnificent views of the Wicklow Mountains and of Dublin Bay. "Home Rule" in every sense of the word may be seen realised therein in Mr. Davitt's baby-daughter, who lisps already, it is said, "The Wearing of the Green," and of whom we but anticipate in declaring that—

> "She is Irish, heart and soul;
> And longs for Ireland's freedom too."

People are too apt to think of Michael Davitt merely as fierce and headstrong, and a firebrand; there is a gentler side to his nature, of which a glimpse may be had in the following story. A lady, distinguished by her labours on behalf of the Irish poor, but far from sympathising with the National Party, was stopping some years ago in Rome at the same hotel as Mr. Davitt. One day she was talking about the famous Land Leaguer to an American lady also staying there. "Your Irish demagogue has done me a good turn, at least," said the latter; and went on with characteristic American frankness to refer to the unmannerly bearing frequently adopted towards her by her son, a young man of about twenty-five, whose conduct in this respect had been the subject of much remark. "He came to me a few days ago," she went on, "and said, 'Michael Davitt has been talking to me, mother. He told me that I had been a brute to you, and I'm afraid I have; but I'll be a different son to you in the future.'"

It is a curious reflection that if Ireland ever does obtain Home Rule it will be owing in great part to Michael Davitt's having been convicted of treason-felony. It was in his prison cell that the Fenian had time to realise the futility of all attempts at Irish rebellion, and that the constitutional agitator thought out the main features of the most powerful organisation that has ever been known in Ireland.

In any case he must have come to the front; but it was by bearing up manfully against the hardships of the imprisonment which had been brought on him by rash and youthful efforts in the cause of his country, and by utilising that imprisonment for his country's benefit, that he has lived to win golden opinions from men of all nationalities and all creeds.

To fight against difficulties and triumph over them, and achieve fame and honour—this has been done by many. But of no other, surely, can it be said, as of Michael Davitt, that the treadmill was his ladder to greatness.

MRS. KENDAL.

IKE everything else, true or false, the principle of heredity has of late been more or less seriously questioned; and ingenious if innocuous attempts have been made to show that phenomena which we have been complacently attributing to nature are really due to nurture. Heredity can very well be left to take care of itself; yet it may be admitted that if the lady who was so popular as "Madge" Robertson, and is still more popular as Mrs. Kendal, had not risen to greatness as an actress, the doctrine would leave something unexplained. Grand-daughter of one actor, daughter of another, niece of a third, and sister of one who, though not a great, was an eminently successful dramatist, whose plays still hold the stage, it would indeed have been singular, even in a world which is somewhat too fond of taking liberties with our theories, if she had failed to distinguish herself upon the mimic stage. Nor, seeing that she is wedded to a gentleman who has shown himself competent to worthily sustain her in some of her most effective parts, and that she is the mother of children, will it be quite satisfactory if the long histrionic succession is not kept up for a good while to come.

It was so long ago as the year 1852 that Miss Margaret Brunton Robertson made her first appearance on the boards. The reader must not, however, be hasty in drawing interesting inferences from this fact. For at that time she had not long risen to the dignity of short clothes. What happened on this occasion she does not very distinctly remember, but her impression is that the *début* was not a brilliant one, owing to her anxiety to display to her nurse, who sat among the audience, the glories of a new pair of shoes. At that time, it would seem, she was of those who feel their parts quite seriously, for she can recollect, when her sister was acting in a play in which the theft of spoons was imputed to her, calling out from a side-box, "She didn't steal them!" It was at the Maryiebone Theatre that the child of three made her first curtsey to the British public; her real *début* took place at the Haymarket, thirteen years later—in 1865, that is—when she appeared in the not very satisfying part of "Ophelia."

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MRS. KENDAL.

But her first unequivocal success in London was as "Blanche," in Westland Marston's now forgotten play, *The Hero of Romance.* From that time her career was a succession of triumphs. Since 1869, she has shared her laurels with her husband, Mr. William Hunter Grimston. It has been their invariable custom to appear together in past years as leading members of companies organised by Mr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and others; more recently, in companies of their own. Whether Mrs. Kendal is greater in comedy by reason of her vivacity and humour, or in the serious drama in virtue of her womanly dignity and emotional power, is one of those questions upon which the contumacious might argue for ever and ever. If this were settled, the disputants might find quite as much sport in trying not to decide whether she has more devotees in the Old World or in the New. There is one point, however, on which they would have to agree if they did not carefully avoid it: it could not be maintained that in these latter days Mrs. Kendal fairly divides herself between the two worlds which she has conquered. She and her husband made their first visit to the States in July of 1889, and achieved a success of so phenomenal a kind that there need be no surprise at what has since happened. We bear our American relatives no ill-will, but we cannot pretend that they are always so entirely altruistic as other people ought to be.

Mrs. Kendal has committed herself to the opinion that actresses who have beauty are almost invariably deficient in art; and it is not to be supposed that she was here paying herself the compliment indirect, for she thought fit to include herself amongst women who are "passably plain," though not "positively ugly." The general remark was not a particularly sagacious one, perhaps. We are not quite sure, indeed, that even when in cold blood she takes up her pen—say to write ingenuous autobiographical notes under the title of "Dramatic Opinions"—still less when she allows herself to be drawn by the cunning interviewer, her discretion is always the equal of her sprightliness. It may be that now and then she gives occasion to the enemy to smile, but with some, we suspect, the head and front of her offending is that she has chosen to find abundant happiness in her domestic relations without feeling it necessary to conceal the fact. However this may be, no one is likely to challenge her right to a foremost place among the cleverest, most delightful actresses of her day and generation.

SIR CHRISTOPHER TEESDALE.

IN the series of exciting narratives from the seat of war in the Crimea which thirty-six years ago kept the attention of all Europe fixed to straining point upon the tremendous conflict at Sebastopol, no later episode of the action of the allied forces against Russia was more engrossing than that of the struggle in Asia Minor, where a part of the Turkish Army of Anatolia, commanded chiefly by British officers, held the fortified town of Kars against a host of Muscovites under General Mouravieff.

Amidst successive records of heroic deeds, the defence of Kars by General Williams, Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, Major Teesdale, and Captain Thompson still holds a place of singular interest in the annals of that momentous period. Such accounts of the siege of Kars as reached England were eagerly read throughout the country. From the day when Colonel Williams entered the province of Kars, and found there a Turkish army in a miserable state of destitution and with pay long in arrears, to the moment when, having defended the town to the last, and having to choose between honourable surrender or death to every man, woman, and child by starvation, he sent Major Teesdale to offer terms to the Russian General, the sympathy of the British and the French nation, if not of all Europe, was with the brave protectors of the place till it could no longer have remained a stronghold.

At the commencement of hostilities Russia made war on Turkey not only in Europe but in Asia Minor. The Sultan had ordered an army of 50,000 men to be collected at Kars and Erzeroum for the defence of these places, the seizure of which was an object of no little moment to Russian interests. Only 40,000 men were raised by the Turkish commanders, who were so incompetent that the brave Hungarian refugee, Guyon, was sent to advise and instruct them. The Turkish officers despised the counsel of Guyon, pocketed the money which should have been spent in collecting the other 10,000 men, omitted to pay those who had been enlisted, and were badly beaten by the enemy. The allied Powers desiring to secure Kars

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for Turkey in spite of the unskilful pashas, Lieutenant-Colonel Williams was appointed as Her Majesty's Commissioner at the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia, to act in communication with and under the command of Lord Raglan. He had with him the three officers who were to aid him at Kars. Being raised to the rank of General, he promptly commenced operations by endeavouring to obtain supplies for the miserable army, but without success. Our ambassador at Constantinople left his applications unanswered. The Turkish Government had done little except to accede entirely to the proposal to place British officers in command at Kars, on which a vast and magnificent army under the Russian General Mouravieff was being concentrated.

This was in September, 1855. The attack on Kars had commenced in June, and the first attempt of the Russians had been successfully repelled. The leading points of the defence were a ruined castle above the Armenian suburb, and two tabiahs, or redoubts, on the hills, one of which, above the suburb of Beiram Pacha, was occupied by the artillery under the command of Major Teesdale. The town was so closely invested by the Russians that there was a near prospect of the failure of provisions, and the horses were dying for want of forage. General Williams gave leave to such of the cavalry as were still mounted (about 1,000 men) to steal forth and cut their way to escape through the enemy. This they effected one dark night, though with some loss. The Russians then, after endeavouring to throw the defenders off their guard by a pretence of a movement into Georgia, made an attack in force one morning before daylight, advancing on three different parts of the line of defence, their columns supported by twenty-four guns. They were met at every point by a destructive fire, and driven down the slope in utter confusion. One column succeeded in turning the defences in the steep rocky hills to the west, and got to the rear of the Turkish position, but they were met by some reinforcements, and were driven down the hill by a gallant sortie from the redoubts. It was on the English redoubts that an overwhelming force of Russians made the main attack, and it was feared that the defenders must be swept away by sheer force of numbers, but some battalions of infantry were sent to reinforce them, and by a close and stubborn bayonet charge drove back the enemy. The Turkish troops, now led by British officers, fought with determined courage, though they had been watching and working for four months in the trenches.

But famine became imminent. It was of no avail to hold out until the Russians were able to force an entrance to a city of the dead, and no supplies could possibly be conveyed through the investing forces of the Muscovites.

After sufferings which reached the extreme limit of endurance, the General determined to relinquish the place. On the 2nd of November, Major Teesdale, as his aide-de-camp, conveyed to the Russian lines a letter proposing to General Mouravieff that General Williams should on the following day present himself at the Russian head-quarters for the purpose of settling conditions of surrender. This was agreed to, and on the following morning the General went to the Russian camp, where as plenipotentiary he negotiated in the name of the Muslin, Vassif-Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army of Anatolia. The terms of surrender were most honourable, and the conduct of the Russian general was distinguished by the utmost courtesy and consideration. This was continued while General Williams and his officers were in Russia, whither they were taken as prisoners, to be released on the termination of the war.

Major Teesdale was then a very young officer to gain the distinguished honours which he obtained by deeds of valour, by extraordinary self-possession, and by power of controlling and influencing the men under his command. He was born on the 1st of June, 1833, and is son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry George Teesdale. He became lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1853, and, as we have seen, was in active service in the hot and desperate defence of Kars in 1855. He had been badly injured in the leg by grape-shot before the surrender of the town, so that on his return to England he may be said to have been among the wounded heroes of the Crimean War who had received the Victoria Cross for valour. He had voluntarily led the men of the battery which held the key position at Kars, and by his example had inspirited them to repel the Russian army; but, more than that, he had led the first charge against the enemy, and afterwards by his strenuous efforts had protected the wounded Russians from the fury of the Turks, for which General Mouravieff thanked him in presence of the army.

In 1858 Sir Christopher became Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. In 1877 he rose to the rank of Colonel, and was made Major-General and K.C.M.G. in 1887. During these ten years he held the honourable rank of A.D.C. to the Queen, and now occupies the distinguished position of Master of the Ceremonies to Her Majesty and Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

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MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

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IF we were to take Mr. Frederic Harrison's estimate of himself as the true one, we should experience some difficulty in indicating the precise position he holds in the intellectual world. He is not a politician, because "compromise is the soul of politics," and Mr. Harrison loathes compromise. He is not a man of letters, because almost everything he writes is alive with a moral purpose, and "literature is art, and the artist should never preach." Nor is he a philosopher with anything original to tell us, because the essential business of his life has been to interpret for the benefit of a stiff-necked generation the religious, philosophical, and political ideas of M. Auguste Comte. But we rarely take public men at their own valuation, and the fact remains that, in spite of himself, Mr. Harrison's work as the expounder and interpreter of Positivism has never in the eyes of his countrymen possessed the same value and interest as his achievements in the fields of politics and of letters.

He was born in 1831, and was educated at King's College, London, and at Wadham College, Oxford. The days of his youth were days of much political and social disturbance. At the most impressionable time of his life he was a witness of the Chartist Movement, the French Revolution of 1848, and the *coup d'état* of 1851. These political changes powerfully affected his future career. They stirred him, as he himself has told us, "to the soul." From the first he took up the popular side, with an enthusiasm which has throughout his career been one of the most marked features of his character. He was called to the Bar in 1858, and for fifteen years he followed his profession in the somewhat lukewarm spirit of one whose ambitions lie in other directions. He was for a considerable time an examiner and professor in jurisprudence, and to questions of international law especially he has given very great attention. He has, however, never been dependent on his profession for his daily bread, and having "inherited a modest fortune," he has felt himself free to devote the greater portion of his energies to the advancement of causes which appeal more fully to his sympathies.

He has made a special study of all questions relating to working men

and their co-operative, industrial, and educational societies. His knowledge has been acquired not merely from books, but from personal contact with workmen and their leaders. For three years he sat on the Trades Union Commission, and he assisted the Rev. F. D. Maurice in teaching in the Working Men's College. Mr. Harrison's boast is that he is more interested in history "in the making," than in studying the records of the past. He has travelled much, especially in France and Italy, and he has generally contrived to be on the spot when anything stirring has taken place in these countries. And the result of this frequent contact with men and their movements is visible in the freshness and vigour which always distinguish his public utterances. Except that he contested the University of London against Sir J. Lubbock in 1886, he has steadily declined all offers to come forward as a Parliamentary candidate; for what makes him in public life a friend to be desired and an enemy to be reckoned with is not the exercise of his voice but of his pen. On the platform he is somewhat ineffective, and his hatred of compromise would unfit him for much of the work of practical politics. He was, however, elected an Alderman on the London County Council.

As a man of letters, Mr. Harrison might, if he had chosen, have taken a very high position. His forcible and luminous literary style has few equals. We know it chiefly in essays and in contributions to the daily and weekly press, and for the particular purposes he has in view his manner and methods are singularly effective. He appears to wait until the particular subject has taken full possession of him, and then he writes at white-heat, with a warmth and directness which give a certain literary quality to the most ephemeral of his articles or pamphlets. Every sentence reads as if it had a heart in it. His absorption in politics is a loss to English literature. As it is, he occupies much the same position as the political pamphleteers of the eighteenth century, with this difference—that he writes from conviction and not in obedience to party ties. He has been for many years a regular contributor to the magazines and reviews. In 1875 he published a work entitled "Order and Progress," and in 1886 a collection of his literary essays, under the title, "The Choice of Books." In this latter work one is able to obtain an insight into the extent and variety of his tastes and studies. In 1888 he published his "Oliver Cromwell."

But in Mr. Harrison's own estimation the work of his life has been done not in politics or in letters, but in religion. He has accepted the

general principles of Auguste Comte, the French philosopher, which are more popularly known under the name of Positivism. In a little hall in Fetter Lane, Mr. Harrison may often be heard interpreting the teachings of his master to a select and cultured audience. His New Year's address is one of the events of the London year. It may be questioned whether it is exactly Positivism which draws the people to hear him, and whether the attendance is not rather due to the interest in his own personality, and to the knowledge that, whatever the subject to be discussed, it will be treated by the lecturer with lucidity and wisdom. He professes to test every public question as it arises by the teaching of Comte, and although the Positivists already differ on many points of interpretation, Mr. Harrison is never in doubt as to what the voice of Positivism is on any public matter. It is this cheery confidence in his own principles which is the secret of his power. The English people have never taken kindly to M. Comte and his Religion of Humanity; but in Mr. Harrison's mouth the new gospel is barely distinguishable from Christianity in some of its best and purest forms. For, to use his own words, "the ideal of Positivism is to enlarge the sphere of religion, to make it broaden till every common act of existence is a religious act, and the rule of man's spiritual nature shall be acknowledged in industry, in art, in politics, in every social institution and habit. But to do this, religion must descend from the empyrean to dwell with men on earth, caring for the things of this life." Possibly this extract also explains why the public have always taken kindly to Mr. Harrison on his own merits. He acts up to what he preaches, and in everything that concerns the welfare of his fellow-creatures he takes an eager and intelligent interest. And when he speaks, he speaks as one possessing authority, and not as the scribes.

MRS. MARY DAVIES.

IN a *plébiscite* instituted some few years ago by an evening newspaper, one of the questions propounded to the readers was, "Who is the best Ballad-singer," and the answer, given with no doubtful voice, was "Mary Davies." And it is undoubtedly as the most charming interpreter of our truly national form of music that Mrs. Mary Davies has won and kept her hold upon the British public.

Other countries may lay claim to supremacy in other fields of song; Italy may excel in the florid *aria*, Germany in the passionate love-song, France in the *chansonette;* but England is pre-eminently the home of the ballad, and there is nothing else which appeals with so great a force to English audiences. The captious critic would probably agree with this statement, but would add that such was the case because the English were an unmusical people; but the captious critic would there be in error. Doubtless the existence of the numberless empty, meaningless, and unmusical songs sung in our drawing-rooms and concert-halls is a fact which reflects great discredit upon the average musical taste; but the drawing-room ballad is no more to be confounded with the true, simple, old English ballad than the fireworks of Liszt are to be compared with the genius of Wagner.

Mrs. Davies, however, has never given any encouragement to the foolish kind of songs mentioned above, but has been content to compose her repertoire mainly of genuine ballads, many of them more than a hundred years old, together with more modern songs, whose real beauty and charming melody have already gained them a lasting place in the annals of British Song.

Although born in London, Mrs. Davies comes of Welsh parents, her father, Mr. William Davies, being a Bard, and, as such, rejoicing in the name of "Mynorydd." Like all true Welsh people, Mrs. Davies is intensely patriotic, and as attached to the seemingly unpronounceable language as her most ardent Cymric friends could desire. It was from the celebrated pianist and musician, Mr. Brinley Richards, that Mrs. Davies received her first

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instruction, she having studied under him for two years before she obtained a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music. Here she passed through the course with signal success, winning a twenty-guinea prize at the end of three years. Her voice, a high soprano, which at first was distinguished rather for its sweetness than for its great power, gradually grew in volume, and now, although it has lost none of its charm, is of considerable force, and can fill large concert-halls without any difficulty.

In 1889 Miss Mary Davies was married to Mr. W. Cadwalladr Davies, of the University College at Bangor, and since that date the great ballad-singer has made her home partly in London and partly in the Welsh city, so that she is able to fulfil her metropolitan and provincial engagements, and especially to sing at the Ballad Concerts, which would certainly seem strangely incomplete did not the name of Mary Davies appear in the programme.

Besides ballad-singing, Mrs. Davies has from time to time taken up parts of a more ambitious character, singing the soprano music in *St. Paul*, the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and many other oratorios; she was selected by Sir Charles Hallé to create the part of "Margaret" in Berlioz's *Faust* when he first introduced it at his Manchester concerts; and since that time Mrs. Davies has been always associated with the part, and her charming rendering has been heard at all Sir Charles Hallé's performances of the work, as well as at those given by other conductors, including Dr. Richter. It is perhaps only in London that she is known simply as a ballad-singer, for in the provinces she has for many years sung in all the Händel oratorios as well as in most of the modern ones. Although well able to bear comparision with many others in these branches of her art, Mrs. Davies owes her position, as we have mentioned above, to her singing of the ballad; and in this she is certainly without a rival. Purity of enunciation, simplicity of style, entire absence of affectation, and, moreover, power of appreciation of some of the most charming poems in the language—all these are absolutely essential to the interpreter of ballad-music who would gain any measure of success. Mrs. Davies has shown that she possesses all of these qualities in no small degree, and it is owing to this fact, no less than to her sweet and sympathetic voice, that she is so deservedly popular at the present day.

MR. BANCROFT.

INCE his first appearance on the London stage, Mr. Bancroft's paths have lain in pleasant places, for success, artistic and financial, has attended almost every undertaking: his efforts as actor and manager have met with well-merited approbation, and by the reforms he introduced—and of which it should not be forgotten he was the pioneer—he has made a distinct and distinguished mark in the history of the English theatre.

Born near London on May 14th, 1841, Squire Bancroft Bancroft made his first appearance as an actor on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in January, 1861, his first part being Lieutenant Manley in Bernard's drama *St. Mary's Eve.* Here he played a most varied round of characters, and appeared with many famous "stars," including Madame Celeste, Walter Montgomery, G. V. Brooke, Phelps, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. Engagements at Dublin and Liverpool followed, and at both places the actor gained favour with the public. During the four years thus spent in the "provinces," no fewer than three hundred and forty-six parts were undertaken by the young actor, a fact which gives some idea of the amount of hard work gone through, and experience gained in the stock companies of those days, companies which, much to the detriment of the stage, have since vanished.

In 1865, Miss Marie Wilton, who had gained great celebrity as an actress of burlesque, but who had shown that she could aspire to higher things, had become joint manager with Mr. H. J. Byron of the Queen's Theatre in Tottenham Street, London, re-named by her the Prince of Wales's. Here, under his future wife's management, Mr. Bancroft made his London *début* in *A Winning Hazard*, a pretty little piece with a name of good omen. Although everything seemed to point to the failure of Miss Wilton's plucky enterprise, unexpected and unequalled success attended it; and to this end Mr. Bancroft largely contributed, for in 1867 he married the popular manageress, and after that a very large portion of the responsibility of the management lay in his hands, as the partnership with Mr. Byron was not of long duration.

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MR. BANCROFT.

For fifteen years the little theatre prospered marvellously under the spirited and artistic guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. If this management had been memorable for nothing else, the play-going public would owe it a large debt of gratitude for the production of T. W. Robertson's charming series of comedies, which brought fame and fortune to the theatre. Here, in a place previously possessed of anything but a savoury reputation, was inaugurated that system of sumptuous and accurate mounting which has altered so greatly the face of the English drama. But mere scenic accessories were not permitted to overwhelm the more serious business of the stage; the most notable modern dramatists—including such authors as H. J. Byron, F. C. Burnand, Wilkie Collins, and W. S. Gilbert—contributed their support, and the best companies that could be gathered together—including at various times nearly every modern actor of distinction—were retained to do justice to the plays, and prominent amongst the players was the manager himself.

He first attracted the notice of the critics in Byron's comedy, *War to the Knife*, in the part of a man about town. On November the 11th, 1865, was produced Robertson's comedy *Society*, in which Mr. Bancroft was entrusted with the important part of Sidney Daryl, and met with conspicuous success; in 1866 the same author's *Ours* was played, and was a triumph for all concerned. To recapitulate in detail the plays produced and the parts acted by Mr. Bancroft would be tedious, and it will be sufficient to mention, as amongst his successful impersonations, Sir Frederick Blount in *Money*, Joseph Surface in *The School for Scandal*, Triplet in *Masks and Faces*, Sir George Ormond in *Peril*, Dazzle in *London Assurance*, Count Orloff in *Diplomacy*, and Sir Henry Spreadbrow in *Sweethearts*. Somewhat unfairly with regard to his merits, he, for a time, chiefly earned a name as the depictor of society swells, gaining this reputation because he abandoned the old-fashioned custom of making such character slow-comedy caricatures, and, dressed quietly in perfect taste, really appeared and behaved as what he was supposed to represent. Captain Hawtree in *Caste*, and Jack Poyntz in *School*, are types which may be said to have been created by Mr. Bancroft, and originated the expression "Bancroft parts."

In 1875 an adventurous and memorable experiment was made, for the *Merchant of Venice* was produced with a luxury and accuracy of mounting unsurpassed in those days, an extremely hazardous undertaking on so small a stage. A quotation from "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the

Stage"—a most delightful book—will best describe the venture and its reception: "Of course there was a brilliant audience, and the play throughout was well received, but never with enthusiasm. I think surprise had much to do with this; it all looked so unlike a theatre, and so much more like old Italian pictures than anything that had been previously shown upon the stage"; and Mr. Bancroft adds: "I account it a failure to be proud of." It was in this revival that Miss Ellen Terry first appeared as Portia.

In 1879, for various reasons, including the inconvenient smallness of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft determined to leave the Prince of Wales's, and to undertake the management of the Haymarket Theatre. After a complete rebuilding of the interior, their new home was opened in January, 1880, with a revival of *Money*. Several innovations were introduced, the proscenium being in the form of a huge gold frame, the orchestra and the footlights being hidden, and—a most daring experiment—the "pit" being abolished. The success which had attended the previous ventures awaited them here, and revivals of *School*, *Masks and Faces*, in which Mr. Bancroft's performance of "Triplet" had grown to be one of remarkable pathos, *Society*, and *Ours* were attended with prosperity. In 1882 *Odette* was produced, with Mr. Bancroft as Lord Henry Trevene, and Madame Modjeska in the title part. *The Overland Route* succeeded, and was followed by farewell revivals of *Caste* and *School*, and the last performance of the former play, on April 13th, 1883, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. In the same year Sardou's *Fedora* was brought out, and though failure was prognosticated very generally, it met with wonderful success. *Lords and Commons*, by Mr. Pinero, was the last new play produced by the management, and on May 13th, 1884, a costly representation of a revised version of *The Rivals* was not attended with any great success.

The "Farewell Season" was devoted to short runs of such old-established favourites as *Diplomacy*, *Masks and Faces*, *Ours*, *Sweethearts*, and *Good for Nothing*, and on July 20th, 1885, Mr. Bancroft made his last appearance as a manager. The demonstration of popularity—one might almost say of affection—that greeted both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on their final appearance under their "own" management has rarely been equalled. In September, 1889, Mr. Bancroft reappeared at the Lyceum Theatre as the Abbé de Latour in his old friend Mr. Irving's successful reproduction of *The Dead Heart*.

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SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

F ever a work be written under the title of "Makers of Canada," among the names which rank highest on the list will be that of the present High Commissioner for the Dominion to London. Sir Charles Tupper stands pre-eminent in many ways: as a statesman he has seen what was needed by his country; as a financier he has counted the cost of that need; as an orator he has, by the force of his eloquence, carried his point; and as an administrator he has been able to bear on to success the measures which he had himself devised.

During his five-and-thirty years of public service he has, as a loyal subject to his Queen, and as a jealous guardian of the honour of his people, kept two high aims in view, the strengthening of that golden link which connects England with the first and greatest of her Colonies, and the holding aloft of the standard of right of the nation, so that she may prove herself worthy of the proud position she has made her own.

The immediate reason for the special prominence which is now being given to any matter connected with the subject of this sketch is the staunch resistance he has offered to the mere possibility of a suggestion for the annexation of his country to the United States of America—a suggestion which has grown out of the proposal for Free Trade with the States, with limitation to England.

Had this question been promulgated before the creation of the Dominion by Act of Parliament in 1867, it would still have caused universal surprise among those who, standing aside from the troubled field of party politics, imagine they can see in what direction the true interests of the inhabitants lie; but now when it is considered how infinite would be Canada's loss, and how infinitesimal her gain, were she to deny her flag, and sinking her own identity, merge herself in the American Union, the proposition appears inexplicable.

That Canada needs more capital and opportunity to declare and to develop her own vast resources, and that she has just grounds of complaint with regard to the restrictions placed on her trade by her opulent and

unfettered neighbour, her rulers will readily admit; but, on the other hand, as has been represented by an eminent writer of the day, the Dominion is already more democratic than the United States itself, and is as well shielded from the evils of democracy as Britain; her revenue is large, and want is almost unknown; her mineral wealth is inexhaustible, and her laws are admirable: of what then does she stand in need but of content in the present and of patience to work out her own glorious future?

Self-interest is naturally the pivot round which the whole matter turns, but the days have passed when Britain required her Colonies so to shape their trade measures as to minister to her own advantage, and a Pitt was possible who could declare that he would not permit even a horse-shoe nail to be manufactured for England in America, and this the late elections have proved that the Dominion well understands.

Sir Charles was born at Amherst, in Nova Scotia, in 1821, his family having come over to America during the troubles of 1635. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and, after winning distinction at the University, he returned to his birthplace, where he practised for a dozen years. He married Miss Frances Morse, of Amherst, and has two sons who are prominent members of the legal profession in Canada, and a third, who, following more directly in his father's steps, is now Minister of Marine and Fisheries. His only daughter is the wife of General Cameron, C.M.G.

Various honours were won by him in the medical profession, which he relinquished finally in 1857. His connection with the electors of Cumberland County forms a record, as he was their representative for a period of thirty-two years, having been elected fourteen times consecutively. He was Prime Minister of the Province of Nova Scotia from 1864 to 1867, when he retired from office with his government on the Union Act coming into force. He was sworn Privy Councillor of Canada in 1870, and President of the body in 1872. Since then, he has in turn held the office of Minister of Inland Revenue, of Customs, of Public Works, of Railways and Canals, and of Finance. In each of these posts his remarkable powers of organisation and of administration have made themselves felt; while his energy and great intellectual abilities have been unceasingly devoted to furthering the interests of his country and to bringing her into touch with those great territories to her west, at that time so little known, but on whose development her own welfare so largely depends. In no direction has he laboured more unweariedly than in promoting the construction of railways, notably that of the

Canadian Pacific Line—the Queen's Highway—from east to west. This, as each of Sir Charles's public acts, has been well conceived and earnestly carried out, and as he is happily devoid of that faculty possessed by so many eminent men for digging chasms across such paths as he proposes to tread, the benefits he has been able to confer on his fellow-countrymen are incalculable.

Sir Charles has been closely connected with the numerous fishery questions which have from time to time arisen between the Dominion and ourselves. He was appointed one of Her Majesty's plenipotentiaries along with Mr. Chamberlain to the Fishery Conference in Washington in 1887, while the Worshipful Company of the Fishmongers of London conferred on him their honorary freedom in 1886, a distinction which he shared at the time with two others only, the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Granville. Honours flowed in fast upon him that year. The Fishmongers' banquet was postponed for an hour that he might receive on the same day the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He was appointed Royal Commissioner of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by our Queen, while he re-entered the Canadian Cabinet as Finance Minister the following February.

Most valuable of all the services which Sir Charles has rendered to his country are those in the cause of confederation. In this he was closely associated with the late Sir John Macdonald, the pioneer of the idea of Imperial unity, and whose loyal supporter and coadjutor Sir Charles continued to be throughout his chief's career, whether as Leader of the Opposition or as Premier of the Liberal-Conservative Government.

Sir Charles has contributed two able articles to the magazines of the month of May. That to the *Contemporary* clearly explains the political situation in Canada at the moment, and in it the writer declares and proves that no one who takes the trouble to look into figures can doubt that Incidental Protection in Canada has greatly increased the trade between the Dominion and Great Britain.

In "The Wiman Conspiracy Unmasked," in the *North American Review*, Sir Charles makes the case against Mr. Wiman terribly strong by quoting the written and spoken arguments of the latter against him, and concludes his forcible paper with the remark:—"Mr. Blake, who to-day represents the great body of the Opposition, who (with few exceptions) are loyal to British institutions, has rudely torn the 'mask' to which Farrer alluded from the faces of the conspirators, and the delusion of unrestricted reciprocity may be regarded as dead and buried."

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD.

TO sustain the position of an acknowledged leader of Society, with a capital S,—a representative of that charmed circle to enter which ordinary mortals of weak ambition or of daring effrontery make strenuous and frequently unavailing efforts,—is doubtless an arduous task.

Still more difficult is it to fulfil the duty of a higher life, amidst the associations of rank and wealth and the restless indolence which often characterises fashionable occupations.

In those days of anxiety when the whole kingdom, and it may be added foreign nations also, awaited with breathless interest reports from the desert and the Nile, Lady Beresford was among the wives whose hearts must have trembled at the thought of the possible ending of that amazing expedition designed to snatch General Gordon from Khartoum, around which the savage fanatic hordes who obeyed the Mahdi were already closing. After less than six years of married life, the call of duty took her husband to the Nile, in command of the Naval Brigade, to assist General Wolseley and the officers engaged in the expedition to make the passage of the river where none but native boatmen had been before. Then across the burning sandy wastes, with Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column, Lord Charles took his brave Brigade, with that Gatling gun which got jammed at Gakdul and did some execution at Abu Klea. Brave, cheerful, ready of resource, he had been made captain for his extraordinary achievements with the gunboat *Condor*, when he silenced the Marabout batteries at Alexandria, and received the signal, "Well done, *Condor*," from the Admiral's ship. He was equally conspicuous in the desert, mounted on a white donkey, laughing and chaffing with his sailors who were learning to ride on camels and were directing each other in nautical terms how to "steer" those strange ungainly beasts. Then came the fierce and deadly battle of Abu Klea—where the mighty Burnaby, after hewing his way through the moving ranks of the Arabs, fell wounded in the neck with the enemy's spears. It was here that Captain Lord Beresford, dashed to the ground by the inrushing foe, regained his feet, and with his men repelled the rush

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LADY CHARLES BERESFORD.

of the Arabs at the part of the "square" where the gun was placed. He was the only man who served the Gatling who was not killed, and he and his "first division" of the Naval Brigade, consisting of five officers and fifty-three non-commissioned officers and men, achieved deeds such as British sailors do achieve where there is fighting to be done against an enemy superior in numbers.

Most of us may be able to recall the sequel of that famous though sad expedition—when Stewart lay helpless with his death wound, and Sir Charles Wilson went with the steamers and a handful of men to try to reach Khartoum and release Gordon. Lord Charles Beresford was lame and sick and his division was reduced to a few brave fellows, who, as soon as he could put foot to deck, were ready to go with him in the rickety steamer to the rescue of Wilson, who had learnt the dreadful news of Gordon's death, and was landed with his men on an island, beyond which, on a rock, and within a short distance of an Arab fort, lay his disabled boat. Beresford with his crew attacked and silenced the fort while the boiler of their steamer was being tinkered to mend a hole made by a shot which prevented the engines from working, and left no option but to fight or surrender.

These were the dangers some faint intelligence of which reached Lady Beresford. Lord Charles returned after having been away three years. He had started with the fleet to Alexandria in 1882, only four years after his marriage, in 1878, when he was Commander of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, a position which he held from 1878 to 1881, after having been to India as Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Prince of Wales.

It was in these quiet days when he was with the *Osborne* that Miss Mina Gardner, eldest daughter of Richard Gardner, Esq., M.P., became Lady Charles Beresford.

Lord Charles was himself the representative of County Waterford in Parliament from 1874 to 1880; and on his return from the Nile again sought a similar distinction, and was returned for the Eastern Division of Marylebone in November, 1885.

On the accession of Lord Salisbury to power in 1886, Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford, C.B., was made a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, but he resigned in January, 1888, on account of difference of opinion on the question of the additions to the Navy, which he had strenuously advocated. In July, 1889, he resigned his seat in Parliament, in order to qualify for the further distinction of being made Admiral.

CANON FLEMING.

IT is the fashion with some to underrate the influence of the popular preacher. But those who base their opinion on his occasional deficiency in critical research fail to reach that liberal estimate of human nature, and its varied gifts, which alone can give weight and value to such judgments. For the power of restraining tendencies, of touching hearts, of evoking enthusiasm, is no mean equipment; and, even though unaccompanied by the learning and thought of the trained student, will be much more useful than a refined but barren culture in permanently leavening the world with nobler impulses and higher aspirations.

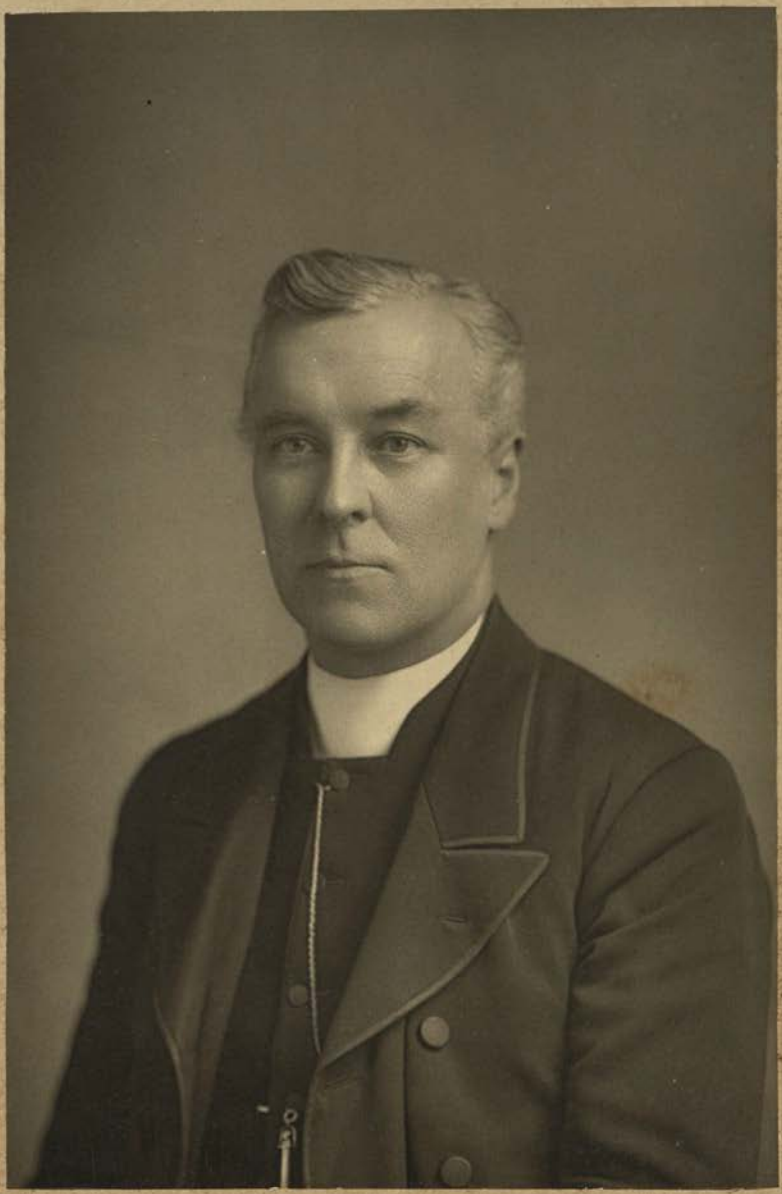
Such a power is wielded by that deservedly popular preacher, Canon Fleming. It is intensified by his strong personality, and a strange magnetic spell, which it is impossible not to feel, but difficult to describe.

In the relations of private life he is both genial and considerate. He is a courtier not only with the courteous, but with the uncourteous. He never allows his kindliness to be ruffled; he smiles down provocation, and is an irresistible peace-maker.

Though an Irishman by birth, he was educated at Shrewsbury, under Dr. Kennedy. From this school he took a scholarship at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

He proceeded to his degree in 1853, and was then appointed Travelling Bachelor to the University of Cambridge. This post he resigned, in order that he might be ordained, and began his clerical career in the Norwich diocese. After two years he accepted the Curacy of St. Stephen's, Bath, but in a short time was promoted to the Incumbency of All Saints' Chapel in the same city.

While at Bath, he inaugurated the "Penny Reading" movement, in spite of much opposition, and succeeded in establishing it on a firm footing. The value of this effort can hardly be over-estimated by anyone who has watched the growth of popular methods of entertainment in the machinery of parochial organisation, and has marked how a number of varied agencies



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CANON FLEMING.

have followed the lead of the Church in offering healthy recreation to the poorer classes.

To fit himself for this important work—in which, as a pioneer, he was obliged to take a prominent part—he studied elocution untiringly and unceasingly. He was his own master; he took his lessons by listening to careful reciters, and by mastering such books as treated the subject scientifically—with what success can only be appreciated by those who have heard him read and speak.

He left Bath, after ten years, to take up work in Camberwell, at Camden Church. He worked hard in South London until he was selected by the Duke of Westminster to succeed the late Bishop of Sodor and Man at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Shortly after his appointment he made many improvements in the service, and was obliged to add to the building, in order to accommodate the increasing number of worshippers. Though he has now been eighteen years at St. Michael's, he still attracts crowded congregations; and though he has twice been offered a Deanery, still clings to his London parish.

The late Archbishop of York and Canon Fleming were both influenced by the temperance orator Gough, when he spoke at Bath, to become total abstainers. Doctor Magee repented, but the Canon has always remained firm to his decision, and is still a strong advocate on temperance platforms.

In 1876 he was made a Canon Residentiary of York. He goes into residence when London is comparatively empty, and spends his well-earned change in preaching for the clergy of the northern diocese, and in vigorously aiding much of their religious and philanthropic work.

In 1876 he became Honorary Chaplain, and in 1880, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; he has preached more than once for the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, as well as for the Duke of Cambridge.

For ten years he held the Whytehead Professorship of Divinity at St. John's Theological College, Highbury. Here he instructed the students in preaching and reading, and many a man now in orders has acknowledged how much he owes to his teaching. He resigned this work, with great reluctance, through pressure of public duties.

Canon Fleming's powers are those of the preacher rather than of the parish priest. His sermons appeal more strongly to the emotions than the intellect. In society he exerts a great influence for good.

His oratory is polished and nervous, easily delivered and easily listened

to; it is adorned by an almost perfect use of natural and dignified gestures. His voice is clear and rich, and when it rises in eloquence and fervour it carries all his hearers with him. In the very difficult sphere in which his work lies he is exercising a power, which is none the less calculated to be helpful, because he seldom resorts to close argument or academical display.

He has never allowed himself to be other than humble and simple. He rises early and is always busy. He is just the same whether he meet the high or the low, the rich or the poor, and is deservedly esteemed by all.

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MR. OSCAR WILDE.

MR. OSCAR WILDE.

MR. OSCAR WILDE was born in Dublin on the 16th of October, 1856. His father, Sir William Wilde, was Surgeon-Oculist to the Queen in Ireland, and distinguished professionally throughout Europe, and equally well known as an archæologist and man of letters. In his own country he was one of the most influential personalities of his time. Lady Wilde, a charming writer, whose pen has lost none of its cunning, presided over the only literary salon which then existed in Dublin. Although she shared her husband's tastes, she lived more in the future than in the past, and surrounded herself with republicans and politicians.

The son of two remarkable people, Mr. Wilde had a remarkable upbringing. From his earliest childhood his principal companions were his father and mother and their friends. Now wandering about Ireland with the former in quest of archæological treasures, now listening in Lady Wilde's salon to the wit and thought of Ireland, the boy, before his eighth year, had learnt the way to "the shores of old romance," had seen all the apples plucked from the tree of knowledge, and had gazed with wondering eyes into "the younger day."

This upbringing suited his idiosyncrasy; indeed, with his temperament it is impossible to conceive what else could have been done with him. He had, of course, tutors, and the run of a library containing the best literature, and went to a Royal school; but it was at his father's dinner-table and in his mother's drawing-room that the best of his early education was obtained. Another experience, unusual in boyhood, had a powerful formative influence. He travelled much in France and Germany, becoming acquainted with the works of Heine and Goethe, but more especially with French literature and the French temperament. It was in France, at an age when other boys are grinding at grammar or cricket, that Oscar Wilde began to realise in some measure what he was. There he found himself for the first time in a wholly congenial environment. The English temperament—there are those who deny that such a thing exists—"like sweet bells jangled,

out of tune and harsh," responds indifferently to the æsthetic. In France Mr. Wilde found everywhere exquisite susceptibility to beauty, and found also that he himself, an Irish Celt, possessed this susceptibility in all its intensity. French and Greek literature were the two earliest passions of his artistic life.

After a year at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the gold medal for Greek and a scholarship, Mr. Wilde, in 1874, went to Magdalen College, Oxford. There he obtained the first scholarship.

During his first term Ruskin lectured twice a week on Florentine Art, and employed the rest of his time in teaching the undergraduates the poetry of road-making. The influence of Ruskin was so great that Mr. Wilde, though holding games in abomination, and detesting violent exercise, might have been seen on grey November mornings breaking stones on the roadside —not unbribed, however; "he had the honour of filling Mr. Ruskin's especial wheelbarrow," and it was the great author of "Modern Painters" himself who taught him to trundle it.

Impelled by Ruskin's lectures, Mr. Wilde visited Italy in 1875. In Florence he became aware of the spiritual element in art, and turned wistfully towards that religion which had inspired the great Italian painters. During this mood he produced some fine poems, notably that entitled "Rome Unvisited," which won high praise from Cardinal Newman; but the last wave of the ebbing tide of the Tractarian movement, though it lifted him off his feet, did not carry him away. A new influence entered into his life. A ride through Greece with Professor Mahaffy in 1877 convinced Mr. Wilde "that it was very right for the Greek gods to be in the Vatican": Helen took precedence of the Mater Dolorosa; the worship of sorrow gave place again to the worship of beauty.

In 1876 he took a first-class in Moderations, following this by a first-class in "Greats" and the Newdigate prize for English Verse in 1878.

On leaving the University, Mr. Wilde went to live in London, where his intellectual gifts, his enthusiasm, his wonderful talk, and, above all, his exotic temperament, made him at twenty-three one of the best-known men in London. There is no need to dwell on his lecturing tours in Britain and America; on the mockery which his youthful ardour on behalf of beauty encountered, or on the cheerful indifference with which he met it: except, indeed, to emphasise the last point. If we are beginning to understand the necessity for the cultivation of our sense of beauty, the importance of

environment in leading the soul from the beauty of material things to the beauty that is spiritual, it is owing in no small degree as much to Mr. Wilde's youthful crusade as to the social influence and writings of his later years.

Mr. Wilde's published works are: a volume of melodious verse in 1882; "The Happy Prince," a book of delicate prose-poems, in 1888; "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (a romance), "Intentions" (a volume of essays and dialogues), and "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Stories," all in 1891.

This seems a somewhat scanty list for one whose gifts of expression are so eminent, but that is quite a wrong view to take. Mr. Wilde's contemporaries have hardly grasped his significance. The present generation started with the lofty but too heroic Carlylean idea of the man of letters—the labourer in literature, always producing. Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, all repeat this type, with their many volumes full of great writing, but full also of strenuous effort and forced moods. Mr. Wilde unconsciously, or rather, with the unerring instinct into which conscience merges in the finest natures, feels that excess of intellectual intention on the part of a writer mars his work, and that contemplation and not action, not production—above all, not forced production—is the proper occupation of man and the noblest form of energy. The right of a man to educate himself, to enjoy his own temperament, his own moods, and the right of a man of letters to be a man first of all, and only in the second place an author or artist, are exemplified in Mr. Wilde's life, and stated with much power in his latest essay, that on "The Soul of Man under Socialism."

Dorian Gray was a revelation to many who did not know Mr. Wilde's varied capacity, and who will be equally astonished to learn that he is a successful dramatist, his strange blank-verse tragedy *Guido Ferranti* having had a most prosperous run in America, where Mr. Wilde is more generally appreciated than in Britain. It would seem as if in him the creative were gradually overcoming the contemplative mood. Whether this be so or not, it is safe to say and pleasant to think that his future career will be even more brilliant than that which is here briefly sketched.

As marriage is always a most important event in the life of any man, distinguished or without distinction we should add that Mr. Wilde married in 1885 Constance, only daughter of the late Horace Lloyd, Q.C., and has issue, two sons, Cyril and Vivian, names familiar to all those who have read what many consider the most wonderful of Mr. Wilde's wonderful dialogues.

MISS EAMES.

UNLESS the omens should stultify themselves, America—by which we may be allowed to mean the whole northern half of the long Continent—will presently be as renowned for the artistic eminence of its women as it is now for the inventiveness and enterprise of its men. In the drama it might boast of great things, could it for a moment bring itself to the boasting mood; in music, and especially in dramatic music, it might urge yet higher claims. It could point to Albani, to Nordica, to Antoinette Sterling, to Belle Cole, to Nikita, to Mrs. Henschel. And now to this distinguished roll it would add the name of Miss Eames, whose career has been of almost meteoric brilliance and swiftness without being of meteoric transiency.

The claim of America to the youngest of our *prime donne* is not to be questioned. It is true she was born in this hemisphere—at Shanghai, where her father was in practice as a barrister, and it was not till she had passed her fifth year that she set foot on American soil. But her veins run with purest American blood; and, if this were not sufficient, her life from her sixth year till she was well advanced in girlhood was spent in classic Boston. The rule that talent is inherited from the mother rather than from the father is not in this instance proved by contradiction; her mother, who was indeed her first instructress in music, being known in a wide circle of friends, both in Boston and in Paris, as an accomplished amateur. It was not till Miss Eames was sixteen that her musical education thus began. But though a late it was emphatically a good start. Within a twelvemonth she had to be passed on to professional hands, and before long her promise was so brilliant as to bring her the friendship and help of Professor Payne, of Harvard, and Herr Gericke, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra at Boston; who, though not themselves teachers, guided her studies, and did much to awaken in her that intelligent appreciation of the best music which is a not less insistent claim to admiration than her magnificent natural gifts and executive powers.

The training auspiciously begun in America was continued in Paris, under Mme. Marchesi and others. Her *début* in opera took place at

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MISS EAMES.

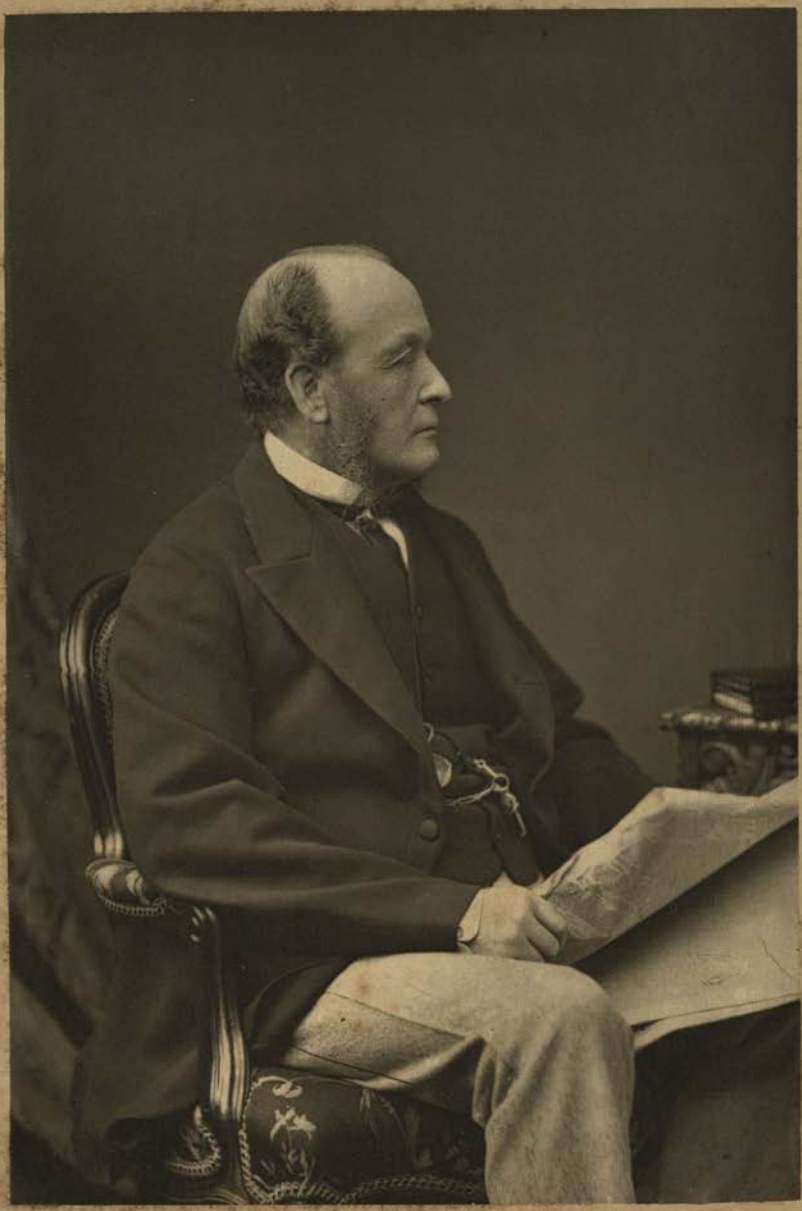
the Grand Opera in March, 1889. The opportunity was in no hurry to come; there were difficulties to be overcome of which the public knew nothing, and would have been neither wiser nor happier for knowing. But when it did come, it was as fine a chance as could well have been. The piece, it is true, is perhaps more familiar to Parisians than any other, and no blemish or shortcoming could hope to escape notice. On the other hand, the part was one which gave full scope to the more splendid of her gifts, personal, histrionic, and musical—her singular charm of presence, her force of passion, her power of declamation, the brilliance and purity of her voice. How she responded to the occasion all the world now knows. On every hand she was recognised as an ideal Juliette, by no one more enthusiastically than by M. Gounod himself, who presented her with a souvenir of the event, inscribed to his "*charmante petite Juliette.*" *Charmante* certainly, but not *petite;* probably the genial composer was for the moment confusing between youth and stature. The next morning brought a telegram from Mr. Augustus Harris offering an engagement for the ensuing season at the Royal Italian Opera. This, however, was not compatible with the terms of Miss Eames's contract at the Grand Opera. Here she appeared as Juliette more than forty times, distinguished herself not less in *Faust* and other pieces, and created the part of Zaïre in De la Nux's opera of that name, giving to the composer the same unbounded satisfaction as she had previously given to M. Gounod.

Miss Eames's *début* at Covent Garden was as Marguerite in *Faust*, and her success, both with the public and with the critics, was such that she has since been in frequent requisition in that and other operas—in *Roméo et Juliette;* in *Mireille*, in *Lohengrin*, and lastly as Desdemona in *Otello*, &c. Her impersonation of Elsa, for which, of course, there had been no opportunity in Paris, was an interesting experiment. Nor was it without peril. For she had to follow close upon Albani's steps, and it was an open secret that the opera had been quite insufficiently rehearsed. Yet the result was but to add another laurel to her wreath. Others may have brought out the weaker, more passive ingredients of the fate-struck Princess's character with as much success; yet others, perhaps, may have contrived to give equal salience with her to its stronger qualities—it is not easy to recall anyone who has so admirably blended these antinomies, and if one should say that while Miss Eames is an ideal Juliette she is *the* ideal Elsa, it would be much more difficult than ungracious to convict the remark of exaggeration.

VISCOUNT CRANBROOK.

DURING the last half-century a great change has come over the constitution and principles of the two great political parties in this country. Within the ranks of the Conservative party there have been two influences at work, viz.: the personal ascendancy of Lord Beaconsfield, with his efforts to educate his followers in a reforming direction; and the old Tory influence of the parson and the country gentleman, with their rooted distrust of reform and their passionate attachment to the existing constitution. If Lord Beaconsfield identified himself more closely with the new Conservatism, the country party has had no more consistent and eloquent leader in Cabinets and in Parliament than Lord Cranbrook, better known to an older generation as Mr. Gathorne Hardy. There have often been times when the clergy and the country gentlemen have more than suspected the intentions of the brilliant and versatile man who for so many years led the Conservative party, and these gentlemen were frequently disposed to turn a more sympathetic ear to the able lieutenant at his side, who was always foremost in his defence of the causes which lay nearest to their hearts, and in the sound of whose voice on platforms and in Parliament there was always the true unmistakable Conservative ring. Indeed, for many years Mr. Gathorne Hardy seemed marked out as the natural successor of Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons, and, but for certain peculiarities in manner and temperament, there is little doubt that these expectations would have been realised.

He is a son of the late Mr. John Hardy, Member of Parliament for Bradford, and he was born in that town in 1814. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Oriel College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1840. He first entered the House of Commons in 1856 as Member for Leominster, and he represented that place until July, 1865, when, in obedience to a numerously signed request, he contested the parliamentary representation of his University with Mr. Gladstone, who had held the seat for many years. He won the election by a majority of 180 votes, and the contest has become memorable because it was the immediate cause of Mr.



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LORD CRANBROOK.

Gladstone's complete adhesion to the principles of Liberalism. "I stand before you unmuzzled," was the phrase Mr. Gladstone used to the electors of South-West Lancashire when he heard that Mr. Hardy was defeating him at Oxford University.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy's oratorical powers and his fighting qualities as a parliamentary debater very quickly brought him into notice in the House of Commons. In 1858 he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Home Department in Lord Derby's Government, and in July, 1866, he became President of the Poor Law Board. In 1867 he succeeded Mr. Walpole in the Home Secretaryship, and through one of the most trying crises a Home Secretary has ever been called upon to meet he discharged the duties of the office with a firmness and discretion which gained him the respect of all parties. In the long years of Conservative opposition, from 1868 to 1874, no Member of Parliament fought more valiantly for his party than Mr. Hardy. Many ancient constitutional landmarks were then undergoing removal at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, and in the great debates of that Parliament Mr. Hardy's reputation as an orator stood higher than has been the case before or since. Being a staunch and loyal Churchman, he resisted strongly the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and, of all the speeches that were made against the measure on its second reading, his was the most eloquent and most productive of effective results. Made as it was at the close of a long debate, it was received by his party with the rapture with which an army will always receive the words of a captain who, in the dark hour of what seems inevitable defeat, appears capable of leading a rally. Mr. Disraeli's speech had been masterly, full of finely cut phrases and stinging sarcasm; but his clever arguments were scarcely convincing, and his special pleading sounded somewhat unfamiliar in the ears of those who sincerely regarded the Bill as sacrilege and spoliation. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, on the other hand, in his description of the Bill as "a measure wrong in the sight of God, opposed to the interests of the Empire, and inspired by a jealousy such as animated Haman," was a more faithful exponent of the temper and attitude of his party at that time. On the formation of Mr. Disraeli's Ministry in 1874, Mr. Hardy became Secretary of State for War, and in 1878 he was raised to the House of Lords by the title of Viscount Cranbrook, of Hemsted, in the County of Kent. At the same time he succeeded the Marquis of Salisbury as Secretary of State for India, a post which he held until Mr. Gladstone's

return to power in 1880. He at present holds the post of President of the Council in Lord Salisbury's Government.

Mr. Hardy's removal to the House of Lords involved a loss to the debating power of his party in the House of Commons which was deeply felt for a considerable time. In Mr. Disraeli's absence he was always the chosen leader to do battle with Mr. Gladstone on great occasions. Possessing an almost fatal fluency in debate, he could be relied upon to present a formidable front to his not less loquacious opponent. It is not too much to say that since 1878 Mr. Gladstone has not enjoyed the opportunity of meeting in the House of Commons a foeman so worthy of his steel. And since his elevation to the peerage Viscount Cranbrook's oratory has to a great extent lost the dash and the vigour of his earlier days. In the quieter atmosphere of the House of Lords he shines as a statesman of experience and judgment, but his oratorical reputation belongs to the House of Commons. Like many another statesman who has been similarly transplanted, he "cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

We have described Lord Cranbrook as the exponent of the politics of the country party. He is also in his own person one of the best representatives of the country gentleman. More than thirty years ago he purchased an estate in the Weald of Kent, and in the neighbourhood of the quaint old country town from which he takes his title he resides during a great portion of the year. There are few more beautiful districts in the south of England than the country round Cranbrook. When Lord Cranbrook first came to Hemsted Park, he had to follow a man who had been loved and respected by his tenants and neighbours. He brought with him simply a parliamentary and legal reputation; but now, after many years' residence at Hemsted, that reputation, in his neighbours' estimation, is quite secondary to the one he has earned as a just landlord and benefactor to the district. He restored at his own expense the ancient and pretty village church of Benenden, he has built schools and a club-house for the same parish, and his family are untiring in their efforts to relieve the sick and suffering. A good Churchman, he is also an enthusiastic sportsman, and he has long enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent shot. He married in 1838 the daughter of Mr. James Orr, of Ballygowan, Ireland, and he has a large family of sons and daughters. He is a Knight Commander of the Star of India (G.C.S.I.) and a D.C.L. of Oxford University.

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